

OXFORD OBSERVER.

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NEW-YEAR'S SALUTATION

TO THE PATRONS
OF THE

OXFORD OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1825.

From rolls on the Ocean in majesty's form,
The God of the Indian—the sport of the storm,
The riches of Monarchs, the world's golden treasure,
Are swallowed in Ocean's bright bosom of azure.
The navy, whose thunders might startle the dead,
Is palled and enshrouded in Ocean's dark bed;
Earth's grandeur and pride is his foam-sheet entwined,
His rage has in "Ruin's dark palace onshrined."
'Tis the mockery of Time—for, Time, thy dark flood
Still roaring for victims, is crimsoned with blood;
Eternity hounds thy broad wave of commotion,
And space is the depth of thy billowy Ocean;
When reddens the battle—when maddens the war,
When slaughter looks haggard, and death gleams afar,
When Monarchy trembles, and victory wheels
His chariot of blood 'mid the cannon's loud peals,
Then, Time, thy mad waves into mountains are tost,
And the earth's gush of woe in confusion is lost;
This the tempest that lashes thy foam-crested surge,
Creation's tornado—Humanity's scourge:
O Time! thou sad butcher of life's sweetest treasure,
Who riftest our beauty, our friends, and our pleasure;
When gaiety sparkles and mirth gambols free,
When we blissfully float on thy billowy sea,
The storms of fate lower—thy surges roll high,
Thy lightning fast flashes—our sorrows are nigh,
Our bark feebly flutters—tempestuous the gale
That severs our cable and tatters our sail:
But while on the pillow of plenty we slumber,
While Heaven's gifts of riches and honors we number,
While the path of our childhood is flowered with roses,
Or hope on immortal fruition reposes,
Then soft swells our canvass—thy billows are calm,
And thy zephyrs that waft us, are breezes of balm.
Thy years are thy billows that widen and swell,
As the world's sad disasters our destinies tell:
When pestilence, famine, and earthquakes array
Their forces o'er earth and sweep millions away,
Then tower high thy billows, then widens thy flood,
Earth's vallies are deluged by rivers of blood.
On thy last annual scroll, peerless Time, are recorded
The triumphs of greatness, and valor rewarded;
Hispania groans 'neath her racks and her chains,
Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant still reigns;
Her Pyrenees echo so sadly and rare,
The soft notes of Freedom—sweet Liberties' air;
The bugle scarce winds its rich thrills 'long her shore;
Her Patriots are bleeding, and Freedom's no more:
No more did I say—wing to Athens thy flight,
Where tyrants for ages have pinioned her might;
On the tomb of Lycurgus her manacles sever,
She swears there her temples shall flourish forever;
She marks the green turf where Leonidas bled,
The valley of glory—the urn of the dead;
While she drops o'er the tomb of her Byron a tear,
The Turk feels the pangs of her death-barbed spear.
War on noble Grecian—thy path leads to glory:
Creation in rapture, shall ponder thy story;
Clank the chains of oppression no longer a slave,
Peace, Honor, and Wealth are the boon of the brave;
The world of Columbus will joyfully see
The oppressor made captive—the captive made free;
The world of Columbus—glad sound to the ear,
What triumphs adorn thee, the last rolling year?
Far, far to the south, where Cordilleras rise,
Like pillars of Freedom enrobed in the skies,
There Freemen, the fetters of slavery have burst,
The crown of the tyrant is trod in the dust;
His panoplied temple there totters to earth,
They chant Hallelujahs at Liberty's birth:
Turn, turn to the land of our own native soil,
Where tyranny sickens, and tyrants recoil,
Where Justice ne'er shrinks at the diadem nod,
The dictates that guide are the dictates of God;
Where Mercy enthroned, sits an angel from Heaven,
Let virtue petition, and mercy is given;
No jarring divisions our Union have shattered,
No bloody contentions its pillars have battered,
But plenty rolls in like a flood to the sea,
Her wealth to the happy and her stores to the free.
Hark, hark, the loud billows of Ocean I hear,
'Tis the new wave of Time that rolls on the new year:
O peace to thy coming—thy presence we hail,
Thy riches will gladden—thy bounties regale;
May the tempests that lash thee be breezes of love,
Like the breath of the summer that rustles the grove:
O woe to the ruffian that reddens thy wave,
Thy foam be his winding-sheet—coral his grave;
Thou guest of creation—thou stranger of time,
O waft thy rich blessings to every clime:
No peace, health and plenty the boon we enjoy,
No trouble molest us—no famine destroy;
When sorrows shall sadden—when miseries assail,
O waft to thy suppliants a prosperous gale;
If clouds of affliction shall thicken around,
May a friend to the friendless in Heaven be found.
This the day of glad tidings—Columbia's guest—
The child of her glory, now gladdens the West;
Now loud and more loud her artillery peals,
'Tis the heart's burst of joy that from gratitude steals;
In diamonds of love shall his portrait be set,
For our woodlands and mountains re-echo FAYETTE.

In the gift of our ruler, let his claims prevail
Who poises the balance by equity's scale;
Let his be the honor our nation to rule,
Who's farthest removed from the rogue and the fool;
Unerring his mind—his integrity show
That fear and corruption he never can know;
Stern justice his censor—meek mercy his guide,
His guardian, religion—our country his pride;
When dangers prowl round us, and bloody aggression
Would rivet the fetters of royal oppression;
Then mighty his prowess—restless his blow
That prostrate shall strike the proud hosts of the foe;
Beat peace to our mountains, and peace to our shores,
The triumphs of conquest our country deplores;
Contentment our birthright—be Liberty ours;
And nations may glitter with diademed powers;
We heed not their grandeur—we pity their fate,
For Virtue and Freedom make governments great.

The following excellent article was written by Dr. Percival of Connecticut, and first appeared in the Connecticut Herald of February 25, 1823. It is, in our opinion, well worth the candid attention of Legislators and citizens. The subject upon which it treats is certainly one of immense importance, and should not be disregarded. Believing the Militia System, under its present organization in this State, susceptible of additional improvements, we can but hope it will excite the attention of our Legislature, this winter, to that degree, which may eventuate in a removal of some of the burdens from the soldier, and make them more equally sustained.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM.

The organization and discipline of the Militia has excited no little attention in Congress and throughout the Union. There are some features in the Massachusetts Act, which we should wish to see generally adopted. The reduction of company drills is one of them; and we should have been pleased to see it connected with an entire abolition of brigade, regimental and battalion trainings. We have attended many of them, and for our part could only see in them a source of expense and dissipation. To the sober man, it is an intolerable burden to be dragged off some ten or fifteen miles, rain or shine, and then be marched around till he is overworn in a mock exhibition of battle; and all this, that the Brigade Inspector may have an opportunity of snapping his musket and the Field Officers of making their grand display. Such days are always occasions of frolic; and besides the expense of time, health, and money, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of some serious accident to life or limb. All this could be borne, if such reviews were necessary for our national defence. But this position is at least very doubtful. Abstract reasoning can be of little use on such a point as this. As in all other questions of policy, experience is the only sure guide.

The object of arming the militia, is strictly national. It is to provide an ever ready protection against foreign or domestic violence. We do not need, in case of sudden invasion, disciplined and veteran soldiers, who are perfect in every motion and attitude and evolution of war. We only need energy and spirit, and just that degree of subordination, which prevails in every well-regulated community. In continuing a war; in meeting, on their own ground, the patience and the skill of a veteran army; in sustaining the delays and privations and indignities of a camp life, we need quite another sort of men. We then need soldiers who are trained to a perfect subordination and a mechanical exactness, who have exchanged the spirit of liberty for the spirit of military honor, and who have bartered away the love of home for the esprit du corps. Such men can only be formed by daily and long-continued discipline. They are not only to be trained to exactness in the exercises of the parade, but a new disposition is to be formed within them. The system of army government is essentially despotic. A soldier is a slave to his superiors; and disobedience, to him, is death. Such a state of things the spirit of a free militia man could not endure, and he ought not to endure it, but on the pressure of extreme necessity. In cases of real danger, when invasion is threatened, the love of home, of wife and children, supplies all the deficiencies of the citizen; and his affections are then surer guarantees of his fidelity than the fears or the pride of the soldier. We do not therefore expect from the militia man the qualifications of a regular soldier, nor would it be a possible thing. Were our militia regularly encamped a fortnight, annually, they could not attain the discipline of the soldier; they would just be broken to the yoke, and then let loose to forget it all by the next muster. In an army, if we trust to discipline, that discipline must be perfect. Half-way discipline would be worse than nothing; it would just quell the elasticity of native courage, without substituting the strength of a consolidated body. The history of war abounds in instances of defeat from this cause. Our early Indian wars show us how easily a regular body was annihilated, when they attempted to preserve their discipline on ground that necessarily broke them, and where the only safety lay in meeting the enemy in their own way. We cannot then form our citizens to any thing like the discipline of veterans. There can be an approach

to it only in the independent companies in our towns and compact settlements, where the members can meet often, at their leisure hours, for improvement. But it is not so with our common militia companies, who meet but three or four times a year at farthest. Some who have a fancy for the thing and who make it the amusement of their home leisure may reach a very creditable degree of skill; but they are always so mixed in with the careless and the ignorant, as only to suffer by the contrast. We have often seen an ambitious militia captain, who had carefully studied his Hoyt and Duane, attempt to form his company en echelon or the like; but we have only seen the disorder of his men and his own vexation. Keep up to the old-fashioned shoulder-ho and forwards march, and they will do very well, and they will always be good marksmen where there is game enough.

A nation like ours, that does not keep a large regular army, must trust, in the outset of a war, to its cadets and officers. Much has been said against the disproportionate number of our officers on the peace establishment: but if what I have just said be true, we ought, if we would continue prepared for war in peace, to keep up a corps of officers sufficient to man an army. Let them be confined to a strict garrison or camp life; and although the captain should command only a corporal's guard they will carry the tact and experience of the old war unimpaired to the new. They can then, in the event of a war, easily mould the new recruits and the drafts of militia to the shape of soldiers. We have been told, that the detachments of militia, who were stationed for the defence of New-York, during the late war, were, in the course of their six months' duty, reduced to a very exact discipline, such as would have done honor to a regular army. We believe that six weeks' constant duty would make one ten times a better soldier, than all the trainings from 18 to 45. But our free institutions leave to the militia the choice of their own officers; and the experience of the late war shows that they will, even in time of hostilities, claim that privilege. We must then, provide some means of giving science and skill to our militia officers. This may be done by encouraging a preference in the election to the more important offices, of those citizens who have acquired a military education in our National Academy, or in other military schools; or who, by the decided bent of a strong mind, may have equally educated themselves. This may be easier done in the case of regimental and staff officers, who are appointed by the State Legislatures. There would be no difficulty, if we could only get over the old doctrine of rotation, which insists that the Captain who holds the oldest commission, shall take the place of Major. Or if there should be a fear that the spirit of the citizens would be quelled by serving under officers who have not come regularly from their own body, there might be such a participation as would satisfy the citizens on the one hand, and provide for the instruction of the officers on the other. Let the officers thus formed be encamped and drilled repeatedly; let the subject be kept constantly fresh in their minds, so as to give a tincture to them; and we should soon see them ambitious and ready to improve. If only a small portion of the time and money now wasted on the great body of citizens, were concentrated on the education and discipline of a few officers, we should soon have corps of men scattered over the whole country, who would know exactly what was wanted in a case of danger. They would be like the man of practical science, who stands unmoved in the roar of a tempest, and by his presence recalls the distracted crew to their duty and their salvation. We should then have militia with all their native courage and impetuosity, moving freely, without any of those awkward motions which a defective discipline gives them, and commanded by officers acquainted with the necessities of all circumstances, equally skilled in leading the desultory attacks of partisans, and informing those partisans, should the call for their services continue, into regular soldiers.

The time of officers' service, we think, should be increased, at least with the higher officers. Perhaps a frequent rotation in the non-commissioned officers might be useful, by affording a greater number of the citizens an opportunity for a certain degree of improvement, and by giving them the excitement of novelty, and gratifying that ambition for office, which is so extensively diffused among them. But the higher offices should be much more permanent. There should not be those annual resignations, and elections, which seem to be made for no other purpose but to increase the number of examples, and to fill our towns with colonels and captains.

If the citizens were to be armed from government arsenals, and if enough of these were established to supply the country, we might then dispense with our musters for the display of rusty and borrowed firelocks. When society is in its infancy, there is almost an invincible disposition to keep some kind of arms. The rifle of the backwoodsman is one of his necessities, and it is his true weapon of war. It answers equally well on foot or on horseback; in the bushes, or behind a rampart of cotton bales; to pick out an Indian's eye, or mow down a British column. But it is different in an old

and compact population. The citizen has there little use for a musket; and he shoulders it only on parade days. He of course takes little care of it, and uses it awkwardly. In our opinion, such are better supplied from arsenals where the muskets are carefully kept and repaired, and where they are ready at a moment's warning.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an Inn, and requested entertainment for the night. The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as well as his beast. After much solicitation, the host consented to entertain him, provided he would sleep in a certain chamber, that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. "Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse, and prepare me some supper." After taking some refreshment, he inquired of the host how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room stated, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be shaven?" "Well," replied the guest, "if he come, I will let him shave me." He then requested that he might be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a long room, where were seated a great number of persons at the gambling table. Feeling a curiosity, which almost every one possesses, after having heard "ghost stories," he carefully searched every closet in his apartment, but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed, and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed—but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was repeated. He then arose and went to his window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear.—On a closer examination he observed that the limb of "a venerable oak," which stood under his window, projected so near to the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be shaven?" Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn the discovery to his own advantage, he took the sheet from the bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you want to be shaven?" Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of others. He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning, on going below, he found the house in the utmost confusion. They immediately asked him if he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, no wonder," said the host, "for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place, made a mistake, came into our room and carried off every cent of our money. The guest, without being in the least suspected, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure."

The above may be relied on as a fact—the author had it from the mouth of a very respectable aged gentleman, in Massachusetts—to whom it was reported by the person himself.

Gen. Jackson when about 8 years old, went one day on a ramble in the woods, and wandering as far that he did not return till long after it was dark.—His mother, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and among other things said, "I wonder Fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy with great simplicity, "I don't know him."

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why I'll tell you," replied the quack, "in the neck there are two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes, is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor," said the patient, "seems to me that clapper must play pretty sharp when we eat pudding and milk!"

From Baldwin's London Magazine.
LEGAL LYRIC.

Oh! think not your pleadings are really so sly,
And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now,
For, believe a demurrer will certainly lie—
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how;
No, law is a waste of impertinent reading,
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils:
And the lawyer, who thinks he's the nicest in plead-
ing,
Is the likeliest far to be caught in its toils.
But, brother attorney! how happy are we!
May we never meet worse in our practice of law,
Then the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw!
Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul,
If Equity did not to Law lend its aid:
And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,
When I for these blessings shall cease to be paid!
But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,
Too often have wept o'er the credit they gave,
Even he who has slumber'd in Chancery longest
Is happy if always his costs he can save.
But, my brother *in law*, while a quarrelling germ
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be ours,
That actions-at-law may employ every term,
And equity-suits cheer vacation hours!

OBOLIVION.

I saw a monarch great in name,
Off his renown and matchless fame,
Deck'd with his royal robes and crown,
I saw Obolivion strike him down.
I saw a conqueror in his car,
Loaded with trophies gain'd afar—
I saw Obolivion hurl his dart,
And pierce the hero to the heart.
I saw a stately column rise,
Adorn'd with sculptur'd victories—
I saw Obolivion make a thrust,
And lo! it crumbled into dust.
I saw a man, in modest dress,
Assist the poor and fatherless—
I saw Obolivion's mighty arm
In vain attempt to do him harm.
When this I saw, I musing said,
"Obolivion now thy power is dead;
A virtuous man may thus defy—
His deeds are register'd on high."

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The existence of a God manifested in his works.

Every object, presented to the view of man, manifests a Supreme Being. Nor does the flower, which blooms unseep, and wastes its sweetness in the desert, afford a less display of civility, than the spacious concave, adorned with innumerable stars and planets which "wheel unshaken thro' the void immense." The heavenly which all nature glows, and the perfect adaption of the several parts of the universal whole, at once refute the wire-drawn sophistry of the Atheist, and strongly impress on the mind a conviction, that they have been moulded by the plastic hand of an all-wise and omnipotent Being. Nor in their beauty only are we enabled to trace the divine Architect—were the volume of nature unfolded to our view, we should discover that there exists not one useless particle of matter. Innumerable species of animated beings, existing for a moment, and which have never been delineated by the naturalist, form each a link in the great chain of existences, extending from infinity to nothing. With what sublime ideas must a contemplation of the works of Deity fill the soul! When we look abroad on surrounding objects, from the oak, which for centuries has braved the tempest, to the rose which adorns the valley, our minds cannot but be filled with admiration. The most minute objects, which being familiar, are disregarded, if viewed in all their connections and consequences, must convince us that they are formed by design, and that their author is worthy of adoration.

But when we contemplate the more sublime scenes of nature—the tempest spreading destruction—the volcano overwhelming cities in one moment's ruin; the earthquake convulsing whole provinces in insupportable agitations—when we stand on the margin of the boundless regions of space, and behold systems of planets pursuing their destined courses in the utmost harmony, we exclaim, there must be a God.

Now, standing on the margin of the boundless regions of space, and beholding systems of planets pursuing their destined courses in the utmost harmony, we exclaim, there must be a God.

Though all the works of creation from the towering cedars of Lebanon to the humble hyssop springing on the wall, carry evident marks of divine impression, it is in man the existence, power and goodness of a God are particularly displayed. His form is calculated at once to please and terrify. The fiercest beast, which roams the forest, and satiates his hunger with the blood of his prey, shrinks appalled at the sight of man, and in his presence, which marks the emblem of that soul, which animates him, marked in every feature, in every movement, is a striking characteristic of him, that though man, in beauty surpasses animated nature, and is being endowed with reason and reflection, he is more particularly adapted to our attention. This truth is so obvious, that it seems to require no powers, or capacities of perception, no inferences or deductions, which are necessary, or even allowable, to the completion or happiness of a being perfect in all its parts and man-

ifesting its divine mechanism. These powers are indeed left rude and unpolished, that art may have full scope in unfolding, and raising them up, and bring them to maturity. But as the seed, which contains the stamina of the future plant, calls for the enlivening rays of the sun to produce the ambrosial flower, so do they require the maturing rays of the sun of science to call forth their beauties and enable their possessor to fulfil the end of his existence. Of improvements man has not been neglectful. The perfection to which the sciences and arts have been carried, is a proof of the unbounded powers of the mind. Is then such a being as man, so exalted, so noble, capable of such perfection, who can trace effects to their causes, bring past scenes to view, enjoy the present, and from analogy, judge of the future—the mere child of contingency? No; such an idea is the creature only of minds corrupted by vice, who, conscious of having forfeited all claim to felicity in another world would wish to believe, their existence is not to be protracted beyond the present life.

The Jewish Prophets.—Direct your attention for a moment to the characters of those extraordinary men, the Jewish prophets. Their history, told simply as it is by themselves, appears to be enough to convert infidelity. They seem solely to have lived to God, to have passed through mortal existence in a sacred abstraction from its seductions, its infirmities and its passions. When we read of Elijah defying the rage of the king and the madness of the people, and trusting himself fearlessly to the desert and to famine, for the sake of God and of his truth;—of Isaiah, the uncle of a monarch, disregarding the splendor and power of a court, and bearing awful and single testimony against its depravity and danger;—of Jeremiah, who, whether bro't before the presence of his king, and beholding his countenance with complacency, or plunged by his wrath into a dungeon,—alike in palace and in dungeon testifying the truth of God, and calling on the infatuated people (while his voice could yet be heard) to witness the fulfilment of that truth;—of Daniel who even in the court of the king of Babylon dared to announce to him the destruction of his kingdom; and braved the anger that might have crushed the 'prophet of ill's' to dust before his unwelcome message was said;—while we read of such men and of such things, we are struck with the sublime and unearthly superiority of those beings, not only to their contemporaries, but to all mankind. I know that history abounds in instances of self-denial as severe, and of voluntary suffering as terrible, but what those who form the heroes of historic narrative underwent, was for themselves, their own pride—passions—self in some way is apparent through all their heroism. But what these men did and suffered, they did and suffered for God: "they endured as seeing him who is invisible." Their superiority was owing to no external cause; they were slaves, prisoners, victims, "destitute, afflicted, tormented;" their superiority was owing to that communication with God, and with the powers of the invisible world, which makes the present, with all its seductive and dangerous nearness, all its tangible claims, appear in comparison as the drop of the bucket or the dust of the balance—a thing to be glanced at, weighed, found wanting, and disregarded. Their history leaves on the mind this indelible impression: "If these men were not of God they could do nothing"—they could not at least have been the men they were.

Maturia.

An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate, "and what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "Father," said he, "I made tea of it."

Sailor's Wish.—When the British ships under Lord Nelson were beating down the combined fleet of Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor, excited his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize money: the greatest part among the officers."

A number of gentlemen, dining one day upon Salmon, some of them preferred Pickwick, others Macbeth: an Irishman standing up, says, "By St. Patrick, or all the fish in the sea, I prefer *Pick and Pate*."

In a Church a few miles from London, the Priest was repeating that part of the Litany which offers up prayers "for all those who travel by water." &c. the Clerk suddenly exclaimed, "Except my wife, who eloped from me two days ago."

A Bit of a Shoot.—The Captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejecting day, left two of the sons of St. Patrick to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog; but cautioned them against bringing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they faithfully promised; but, after enjoying a hearty dinner, their heads became heated with the fumes of their liquor, and one of them proposed having a shoot to themselves; which the other objected to, as it would make such a devilish noise. This occasioned a short pause; but, to prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seated himself across it, and held the pot by the ears to prevent its flying off. Being asked by his messmate if he was ready, he answered in the affirmative, but requested him to shoot early. The report was heard by the captain and crew, who hastened on board and inquired the reason of the alarm. "Murphy and I," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of a shoot to ourselves." "Where is Murphy?" said the captain. "Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling, and scratching his head, "don't you meet him now? faith he's just gone ashore on the iron pot."

A surveyor of taxes named Hyde, was examining a house; by the side of which was a tan pit, and while disputing with the tenant about the number of windows it contained, he most unfortunately slipped into the pit. "For God's sake, cried he, help me." "No," said the proprietor, "I dare take nothing from thee without the consent of the exciseman; and it would be a pity to pull out a Hyde before it is well tanned."

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

THE non-resident proprietors of the several lots of land hereinafter described, lying in the Town of Peru, formerly known by the name of No. 1 Plantation, on the west side of the Andros river, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me, the sub-collector, for said Peru, for the State, County and Town taxes, for the year 1823, and deficient highway tax for the year 1822, in the respective sums following, viz:

THOMPSON'S GRANT.									
Owner.	Range.	Area.	Value.	State.	County.	Town.	Highway.	Total.	Due for 1822.
Not known,	8	10	100	75	1	17		1	100
	6	5	100	75	1	12		1	100
	9	10	100	75	1	12		1	100
	4	11	100	75	1	12		1	100
	8	11	100	75	1	12		1	100
	5	12	100	75	1	12		1	100
	7	12	100	75	1	12		1	100
	3	14	100	75	1	12		1	100
	5	9	100	75	1	12		1	100
	2	14	100	75	1	12		1	100
Morse,	11	10	81	69					
Morse,	9	8	100	150				1	14
	8	9	100	150				1	14
	9	7	100	50				53	53
	6	8	100	100				1	73
	6	9	100	100				76	76

If no person appears to discharge the above mentioned taxes, on or before the second Monday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the several above described lots will then be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder as will be sufficient to pay the same, and all necessary charges, at the centre School House, in said Peru.

Peru, Dec. 9, 1824. ADAM KNIGHT, Collector. Sw 25

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Bethel.

THE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bills of assessments of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz:

TAXES.									
Owner.	Range.	Area.	Value.	State.	County.	Town.	School.	Total.	Due for 1823.
Unknown,	16	1	100	40	10	23	23	23	23
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	18	1	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	19	1	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Samuel Page,	25	1	100	100	13	23	23	23	23
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15	34	33	33
Unknown,	33	1	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	2	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	9	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Roger Merrill,	11	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Roger Merrill,	12	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	19	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	23	2	100	65	12	17	37	36	36
Samuel Page,	25	2	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Samuel Page,	26	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	27	2	100	30	6	7	17	17	17
Unknown,	29	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	5	3	100	25	4	6	15	14	14
Unknown,	2	3	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
P. C. Virgin,	11	3	100	75	13	19	43	41	41
Agnt.,	12	3	100	20	4	5	12	11	11
Samuel Page,	25	3	100	40	7	10	23	23	23
Unknown,	3	4	100	30	6	7	17	17	17
Unknown,	18	5	100	100	18	25	57	54	54
Unknown,	16	6	100	30	6	7	17	17	17
Unknown,	30	9	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Unknown,	21	10	100	20	4	5	12	11	11
Samuel Page,	17	6	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
William Oxnard,	10	6	100	50	9	13	23	23	23
Time, Carter,	Intervale	40	100	18	25	57	54	54	54
Unknown,	15	10	100	200	36	50	114	103	103

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the sub-collector, on or before Tuesday, the fifth day of January next, so much of said Lands will, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of O'Neil, W. Rogers, in said Bethel, be sold at Public Auction, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and charges.

PERKINS P. MOULTON, Collector of said Bethel, A. D. 1823. Sw 21

Bethel, November 29, 1824.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.		Amount of Taxes.
Township Letter E,		\$6 79
do. No. 1, Letter A,		6 62
do. No. 2, Letter A,		9 39
do. No. 4, Range 4,		7 53
do. No. 3, Range 3,		6 92
do. Letter B,		8 43
do. No. 4,		6 58
do. No. 7,		7 24
Hamlin's Grant,		53
Andover Surplus, North,		3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County. Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1824. (6w 22)

CAUTION.

WHEREAS JONAS BECK has left my house and board, which I have agreed to provide for him—I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contract.

WM. R. HEMINWAY. Hamlin's Grant, Dec. 9, 1824.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

CYRIL SMITH and LUCY SMITH, (deceased) Administrators of the estate of ALMOND TRASK, late of Dixfield, in said County, Grantman, deceased, having presented their fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased; and the petition of the said Lucy, as will of said deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

Ordered, That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge. Copy, attested, THOMAS WINTER, Register. 25

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator, of the estate of LEONARD PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment; and those who have demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

THOMAS CLARK. Paris, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, of the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Trader, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment; and those who have demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

WILLIAM MUNROE. Waterford, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, of the estate of JOSEPH MORRILL, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, Blacksmith, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased, to make immediate payment; and those who have demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

ARNOLD WHITTEMORE. Livermore, Dec. 14, 1824.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS I, JOHN BICKNELL, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, did, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty four, execute and deliver to RICHARD BRONDS of Buckfield, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, LEVI ROGERS, Junior, of said Buckfield, and PRESERT POON of Torrington, in the County of Litchfield and State of Connecticut, a Power of Attorney, for me and in my name to sell and make deeds of conveyance of my "new and useful improvement for grinding corn and various kinds of grain," known by the name of "Bicknell's Improved Grist Mill," that part of the State of Massachusetts lying West of Connecticut river, the whole State of Connecticut and New York. Now be it known, that I hereby revoke and annul said power of attorney given as aforesaid, agreeable to the express stipulation therein specified.

JOHN BICKNELL. Buckfield, (Me.) December 16, 1824.

The Editor of the "American Mercury," Hartford, Conn. is requested to insert the above advertisement three weeks; and send his bill to this office for payment.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1825.

*Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. G. Simcox Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jos. Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris. Enoch Crocker, Nathan Atwood and Messrs. Long & Joring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs, Woodstock; Ichabod Bartlett, Norway; Messrs. Crocker and Crockett, Bangford; and the Dealers generally. Dec. 30, 1824.

THE WREATH.

A NEW PAPER, QUARTERLY, conducted by a Society of Literary gentlemen in Portland. Subscriptions received at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, where the numbers may be examined. Oct. 7.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON, For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, FIVE CENTS A COPY, in advance.

No paper is returned, unless an advance is sent, but at the option of the publisher. ADVERTISERS' notices are inserted, and at the usual rates. All letters addressed to the publisher, must be post paid. *The Publisher, also, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be fully correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE OBSERVER.

Will be received by the following gentlemen: In Paris, Messrs. JAMES F. BRAY, Esq. and Mr. MOSES BARTLETT. In Buckfield, Capt. AMOS PARSONS. In Columbia, E. L. HAMLIN, Esq. In Canton, Hon. CORNELIUS HOLMES. In Dixfield, HENRY FARWELL, Esq. In Hebron, Hon. JAMES STARR, Junior. In Livermore, SAMUEL MORRISON, Esq. In Norway, RUEL WASHINGTON, Esq. In Minot, Mr. JOSHUA PARSONS. In Bangford, Doctor BETHUEL CAREY. In Waterford, Doctor JOHN P. PRATT.

Frown rolls on the Ocean in m
The God of the Indian—the sp
The riches of Monarchs, the w
Are swallowed in Ocean's bright
The navy, whose thunders mig
Is palled and embroiled in Oc
Earth's grandeur and pride is hi
His rage has in "Ruin's dark p
'Tis the mockery of Time—f
Still roaring for victims, is crim
Eternity bounds thy broad wave
And space is the depth of thy l
When reddens the battle—wh
When slaughter looks haggard,
When Monarchy trembles, and
His chariot of blood 'mid the c
Then, Time, thy mad waves int
And the earth's gush of woe in
This the tempest that lashes th
Creation's tornado—Humanity!
O Time! thou sad butcher of l
Who ridest our beauty, our frie
When gaily sparkles and mirth
When we blissfully float on thy
The storms of fate lower—thy
Thy lightning fast flashes—our
Our bark feebly flutters—temp
That severs our cable and tatter
But while on the pillow of pain
While Heav'n's gifts of riches a
While the path of our childhood
Or hope on immortal fruition
Then soft swells our canvas—w
And thy zephyrs that waft us, a
Thy years are thy billows that w
As the world's sad disasters our
When pestilence, famine, and e
Their forces o'er earth and swee
Then tower high thy billows, the
Earth's valleys are deluged by ri
On thy last annual scroll, peerie
The triumphs of greatness, and
Hispania groans 'neath her racke
Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant st
Her Pyrenes echo most sadly ar
The soft notes of Freedom—swe
The bugle scarce winds its rich
Her Patriots are bleeding, and F
No more did I say—wing to Ath
Where tyrants for ages have pin
On the tomb of Lycorgus her m
She swears there her temples sh
She marks the green turf where
The valley of glory—the urn of
While she drops o'er the tomb of
The Turk feels the pangs of her
War on noble Grecian—thy path
Creation in rapture, shall pond
Clank the chains of oppression
Peace, Honor, and Wealth are to
The world of Columbus will joy
The oppressor made captive—the
The world of Columbus—glad s
What triumphs adorn thee, the
Far, far to the south, where Cor
Like pillars of Freedom enrob
There Freeman, the fetters of sla
The crown of the tyrant is trod
His panoplied temple there totte
They chant Hallelujahs at Liber
Turn, turn to the land of our o
Where tyranny sickens, and tyr
Where Justice ne'er shrinks at th
The dictates that guide are the
Where Mercy enthroned, sits an
Let virtue petition, and mercy
No jarring divisions our Union
No bloody contentions its pillars
But plenty rolls in like a flood to
Nor wealth to the happy and ne
Hark, hark, the loud billows of
'Tis the new wave of Time that
O peace to thy coming—thy pres
Thy riches will gladden—thy bo
May the tempests that lash the
Like the breath of the summer t
O woe to the ruffian that reddens
Thy foam be his winding-sheet—
Thou guest of creation—thou r
O wait thy rich blessings to eve
Be peace, health and plenty the
No trouble molest us—no famine
When sorrows shall sadden—wh
O wait to thy supplicants a prosp
If clouds of affliction shall thick
May a friend to the friendless in
This the day of glad tidings—C
The child of her glory, now glad
Now loud and more loud her art
'Tis the heart's burst of joy that
In diamonds of love shall his pro
For our woodlands and mountains

OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1825.

Number 27.

NEW-YEAR'S SALUTATION TO THE PATRONS OF THE

OXFORD OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1825.

From rolls on the Ocean in majesty's form,
The God of the Indian—the sport of the storm,
The riches of Monarchs, the world's golden treasure,
Are swallowed in Ocean's bright bosom of azure.
The navy, whose thunders might startle the dead,
Is palled and enshrouded in Ocean's dark bed;
Earth's grandeur and pride is his foam-sheet entwined,
His rage has in "Ruin's dark palace enshrined."
'Tis the mockery of Time—for, Time, thy dark flood
Still roaring for victims, is crimsoned with blood;
Eternity hounds thy broad wave of commotion,
And space is the depth of thy billowy Ocean;
When reddens the battle—when maddens the war,
When slaughter looks haggard, and death gleams afar,
When Monarchy trembles, and victory wheels
Jits chariot of blood 'mid the cannon's loud peals,
Then, Time, thy mad waves into mountains are tost,
And the earth's gush of woe in confusion is lost;
This the tempest that lashes thy foam-crested surge,
Creation's tornado—Humanity's scourge:
O Time! thou sad butcher of life's sweetest treasure,
Who ridest our beauty, our friends, and our pleasure;
When gaily sparkles and mirth gambols free,
When we blissfully float on thy billowy sea,
The storms of fate lower—thy surges roll high,
Thy lightning fast flashes—our sorrows are nigh,
Our bark feebly flutters—tempestuous the gale
That severs our cable and tatters our sail:
But while on the pillow of plenty we slumber,
While Heaven's gifts of riches and honors we number,
While the path of our childhood is flowered with roses,
Or hope on immortal fruition reposes,
Then soft swells our canvass—thy billows are calm,
And thy zephyrs that waft us, are breezes of balm.
Thy years are thy billows that widen and swell,
As the world's sad disasters our destinies tell:
When pestilence, famine, and earthquakes array
Their forces o'er earth and sweep millions away,
Then tower high thy billows, then widens thy flood,
Earth's vallies are deluged by rivers of blood.
On thy last annual scroll, peerless Time, are recorded
The triumphs of greatness, and valor rewarded;
Hispania groans 'neath her racks and her chains,
Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant still reigns;
Her Pyrenees echo so sadly and rare,
The soft notes of Freedom—sweet Liberties' air;
The bugle scarce winds its rich thrills 'long her shore;
Her Patriots are bleeding, and Freedom's no more:
No more did I say—wing to Athens thy flight,
Where tyrants for ages have pinioned her might;
On the tomb of Lycurgus her manacles sever,
She swears there her temples shall flourish forever;
She marks the green turf where Leonidas bled,
The valley of glory—the urn of the dead;
While she drops o'er the tomb of her Byron a tear,
The Turk feels the pang of her death-barbed spear.
War on noble Grecian—thy path leads to glory:
Creation in rapture, shall ponder thy story;
Clank the chains of oppression no longer a slave,
Peace, Honor, and Wealth are the boon of the brave;
The world of Columbus will joyfully see
The oppressor made captive—the captive made free;
The world of Columbus—glad sound to the ear,
What triumphs adorn thee, the last rolling year?
Far, far to the south, where Cordilleras rise,
Like pillars of Freedom enrobed in the skies,
There Freeman, the fetters of slavery have burst,
The crown of the tyrant is trod in the dust;
His panoplied temple there totters to earth,
They chant Hallelujahs at Liberty's birth:
Turn, turn to the land of our own native soil,
Where tyranny sickens, and tyrants recoil,
Where Justice ne'er shrinks at the diademed nod,
The dictates that guide are the dictates of God;
Where Mercy enthroned, sits an angel from Heaven,
Let virtue petition, and mercy is given;
No jarring divisions our Union have shattered,
No bloody contentions its pillars have latticed,
But plenty rolls in like a flood to the sea
Nor wealth to the happy and her stores to the free.
Hark, hark, the loud billows of Ocean I hear,
'Tis the new wave of Time that rolls on the new year:
O peace to thy coming—thy presence we hail,
Thy riches will gladden—thy bounties regale;
May the tempests that lash thee be breezes of love,
Like the breath of the summer that rustles the grove:
O woe to the ruffian that reddens thy wave,
Thy foam be his winding-sheet—coral his grave;
Thou guest of creation—thou stranger of time,
O wait thy rich blessings to every clime:
Be peace, health and plenty the boon we enjoy,
No trouble molest us—no famine destroy;
When arrows shall sadden—when miseries assail,
O wait to thy supplicants a prosperous gale;
If clouds of affliction shall thicken around,
May a friend to the friendless in Heaven be found.
This the day of glad tidings—Columbia's guest—
The child of her glory, now gladdens the West;
Now loud and more loud her artillery peals,
'Tis the heart's burst of joy that from gratitude steals;
In diamonds of love shall his portrait be set,
For our woodlands and mountains re-echo FAYETTE.

In the gift of our ruler, let his claims prevail
Who poises the balance by equity's scale;
Let his be the honor our nation to rule,
Who's farthest removed from the rogue and the fool;
Unerring his mind—his integrity show
That fear and corruption he never can know;
Stern justice his censor—meek mercy his guide,
His guardian, religion—our country his pride;
When dangers prowl round us, and bloody aggression
Would rivet the fetters of royal oppression;
Then mighty his prowess—resistless his blow
That prostrate shall strike the proud hosts of the foe;
Beat peace to our mountains, and peace to our shores,
The triumphs of conquest our country deplores;
Contentment our birthright—be Liberty ours;
And nations may glitter with diademed powers;
We heed not their grandeur—we pity their fate,
For Virtue and Freedom make governments great.

The following excellent article was written by Dr. Percival of Connecticut, and first appeared in the *Connecticut Herald* of February 25, 1823. It is, in our opinion, well worth the candid attention of Legislators and citizens. The subject upon which it treats is certainly one of immense importance, and should not be disregarded. Believing the Militia System, under its present organization in this State, susceptible of additional improvements, we can but hope it will excite the attention of our Legislature, this winter, to that degree, which may eventuate in a removal of some of the burdens from the soldier, and make them more equally sustained.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM.
The organization and discipline of the Militia has excited no little attention in Congress and throughout the Union. There are some features in the Massachusetts Act, which we should wish to see generally adopted. The reduction of company drills is one of them; and we should have been pleased to see it connected with an entire abolition of brigade, regimental and battalion trainings. We have attended many of them, and for our part could only see in them a source of expense and dissipation. To the sober man, it is an intolerable burden to be dragged off some ten or fifteen miles, rain or shine, and then be marched around till he is overworn in a mock exhibition of battle; and all this, that the Brigade Inspector may have an opportunity of snapping his musket and the Field Officers of making their grand display. Such days are always occasions of frolic; and besides the expense of time, health, and money, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of some serious accident to life or limb. All this could be borne, if such reviews were necessary for our national defence. But this position is at least very doubtful. Abstract reasoning can be of little use on such a point as this. As in all other questions of policy, experience is the only sure guide.

The object of arming the militia, is strictly national. It is to provide an ever ready protection against foreign or domestic violence. We do not need, in case of sudden invasion, disciplined and veteran soldiers, who are perfect in every motion and attitude and evolution of war. We only need energy and spirit, and just that degree of subordination, which prevails in every well-regulated community. In continuing a war; in meeting, on their own ground, the patience and the skill of a veteran army; in sustaining the delays and privations and indignities of a camp life, we need quite another sort of men. We then need soldiers who are trained to a perfect subordination and a mechanical exactness, who have exchanged the spirit of liberty for the spirit of military honor, and who have bartered away the love of home for the *esprit du corps*. Such men can only be formed by daily and long-continued discipline. They are not only to be trained to exactness in the exercises of the parade, but a new disposition is to be formed within them. The system of army government is essentially despotic. A soldier is a slave to his superiors; and disobedience, to him, is death. Such a state of things the spirit of a free militia man could not endure, and he ought not to endure it, but on the pressure of extreme necessity. In cases of real danger, when invasion is threatened, the love of home, of wife and children, supplies all the deficiencies of the citizen; and his affections are then sterner guarantees of his fidelity than the fears or the pride of the soldier. We do not therefore expect from the militia man the qualifications of a regular soldier, nor would it be a possible thing. Were our militia regularly encamped a fortnight, annually, they could not attain the discipline of the soldier; they would just be broken to the yoke, and then let loose to forget it all by the next muster. In an army, if we trust to discipline, that discipline must be perfect. Half-way discipline would be worse than nothing; it would just quell the elasticity of native courage, without substituting the strength of a consolidated body. The history of war abounds in instances of defeat from this cause. Our early Indian wars show us how easily a regular body was annihilated, when they attempted to preserve their discipline on ground that necessarily broke them, and where the only safety lay in meeting the enemy in their own way. We cannot then form our citizens to any thing like the discipline of veterans. There can be an approach

to it only in the independent companies in our towns and compact settlements, where the members can meet often, at their leisure hours, for improvement. But it is not so with our common militia companies, who meet but three or four times a year at farthest. Some who have a fancy for the thing and who make it the amusement of their home leisure may reach a very creditable degree of skill; but they are always so mixed in with the careless and the ignorant, as only to suffer by the contrast. We have often seen an ambitious militia captain, who had carefully studied his Hoyt and Duane, attempt to form his company *en echelon* or the like; but we have only seen the disorder of his men and his own vexation. Keep up to the old-fashioned *shoulder-hoo* and forwards march, and they will do very well, and they will always be good marksmen where there is game enough.

A nation like ours, that does not keep a large regular army, must trust, in the outset of a war, to its cadets and officers. Much has been said against the disproportionate number of our officers on the peace establishment: but if what I have just said be true, we ought, if we would continue prepared for war in peace, to keep up a corps of officers sufficient to man an army. Let them be confined to a strict garrison or camp life; and although the captain should command only a corporal's guard they will carry the tact and experience of the old war unimpaired to the new. They can then, in the event of a war, easily mould the new recruits and the drafts of militia to the shape of soldiers.—We have been told, that the detachments of militia, who were stationed for the defence of New-York, during the late war, were, in the course of their six months' duty, reduced to a very exact discipline, such as would have done honor to a regular army. We believe that six weeks' constant duty would make one ten times a better soldier, than all the trainings from 18 to 45. But our free institutions leave to the militia the choice of their own officers; and the experience of the late war shows that they will, even in time of hostilities, claim that privilege. We must then, provide some means of giving science and skill to our militia officers. This may be done by encouraging a preference in the election to the more important offices, of those citizens who have acquired a military education in our National Academy, or in other military schools; or who, by the decided bent of a strong mind, may have equally educated themselves. This may be easier done in the case of regimental and staff officers, who are appointed by the State Legislatures. There would be no difficulty, if we could only get over the old doctrine of rotation, which insists that the Captain who holds the oldest commission, shall take the place of Major. Or if there should be a fear that the spirit of the citizens would be quelled by serving under officers who have not come regularly from their own body, there might be such a participation as would satisfy the citizens on the one hand, and provide for the instruction of the officers on the other. Let the officers thus formed be encamped and drilled repeatedly; let the subject be kept constantly fresh in their minds, so as to give a tincture to them; and we should soon see them ambitious and ready to improve. If only a small portion of the time and money now wasted on the great body of citizens, were concentrated on the education and discipline of a few officers, we should soon have corps of men scattered over the whole country, who would know exactly what was wanted in a case of danger. They would be like the man of practical science, who stands unmoved in the roar of a tempest, and by his presence recalls the distracted crew to their duty and their salvation. We should then have militia with all their native courage and impetuosity, moving freely, without any of those awkward motions which a defective discipline gives them, and commanded by officers acquainted with the necessities of all circumstances, equally skilled in leading the desultory attacks of partisans, and informing those partisans, should the call for their services continue, into regular soldiers.

The time of officers' service, we think, should be increased, at least with the higher officers. Perhaps a frequent rotation in the non-commissioned officers might be useful, by affording a greater number of the citizens an opportunity for a certain degree of improvement, and by giving them the excitement of novelty, and gratifying that ambition for office, which is so extensively diffused among them.—But the higher offices should be much more permanent. There should not be those annual resignations, and elections, which seem to be made for no other purpose but to increase the number of exemptions, and to fill our towns with colonels and captains.

If the citizens were to be armed from government arsenals, and if enough of these were established to supply the country, we might then dispense with our musters for the display of rusty and borrowed firelocks. When society is in its infancy, there is almost an invincible disposition to keep some kind of arms. The rifle of the backwoodsman is one of his necessities, and it is his true weapon of war. It answers equally well on foot or on horseback; in the bushes, or behind a rampart of cotton bales; to pick out an Indian's eye, or mow down a British column. But it is different in an old

and compact population. The citizen has there little use for a musket; and he shoulders it only on parade days. He of course takes little care of it, and uses it awkwardly. In our opinion, such are better supplied from arsenals where the muskets are carefully kept and repaired, and where they are ready at a moment's warning.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an Inn, and requested entertainment for the night. The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as well as his beast. After much solicitation, the host consented to entertain him, provided he would sleep in a certain chamber, that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. "Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse, and prepare me some supper." After taking some refreshment, he inquired of the host how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room stated, that shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" "Well," replied the guest, "if he come, I will let him shave me." He then requested that he might be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a long room, where were seated a great number of persons at the gambling table. Feeling a curiosity, which almost every one possesses, after having heard "ghost stories," he carefully searched every closet in his apartment, but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed, and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed—but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was repeated. He then arose and went to his window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear.—On a closer examination he observed that the limb of "a venerable oak," which stood under his window, projected so near to the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" Having satisfied himself that this ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed, and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn the discovery to his own advantage, he took the sheet from the bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you want to be sha—ved?" Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of others. He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning, on going below, he found the house in the utmost confusion. They immediately asked him if he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative.—"Well, no wonder," said the host, "for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place, made a mistake, came into our room and carried off every cent of our money. The guest, without being in the least suspected, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure."

The above may be relied on as a fact—the author had it from the mouth of a very respectable aged gentleman, in Massachusetts—to whom it was reported by the person himself.

Wraith.
Gen. Jackson when about 8 years old, went one day on a ramble in the woods, and wandering so far that he did not return till long after it was dark.—His mother, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and among other things said, "I wonder Fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy with great simplicity, "I don't know him."

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients as follows: "Doctor, how is it that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why I'll tell you," replied the quack, "in the neck there are two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes, is a lid, or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But, Doctor," said the patient, "seems to me that clapper must play pretty sharp when we eat pudding and milk."

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS.....THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1825.

The Legislature of this State assembled at Portland yesterday. It is probable that Gov. Parris will send his Message to both branches this day.

The Presidency. We are now awaiting the decision by the House of Representatives of the important question—who shall mount the Presidential chair on the fourth of March ensuing, clothed with the dignity of Chief Magistrate of this nation? It seems to be the general opinion, that Gen. Jackson and Mr. Adams will be the two candidates between whom a choice will finally have to be made—but it may be otherwise. It is said by some, that Mr. Crawford has many friends in the House of Representatives—Be that as it may, it will not be long before it will be decided some way. The ninth of February will soon arrive, and we hope will put an end to the political contest that has been carried on with such violence and warmth for more than two years past.

It is rather pleasant to observe how much the tone of some editors of papers has altered, in relation to the candidates for the Presidency, within a few weeks. Six months ago they would harp their song of praise in favor of a particular candidate, and indicate nothing but a rigid adhesion and devotedness to his cause, with all the gravity which they were masters of, and in that apparent sincerity which, if credited, would lead to a belief that nothing could in any manner abate their zeal or cool their fervor—but, alas! time, that worker of wonders, has put a new song into their mouths, and they are now seen ascending the hill of neutrality in rather hurried steps. Whether they are uncertain whose hands they may fall into, or want to have friends on both sides, we are not prepared to say. Taking the rapid and miraculous changes of the past as an indication of the future, we presume it would not be unlikely, should the mantle of the Presidency fall upon General Jackson, who has generally been opposed by the editors in New-England, that some of these same editors would be his admirers—for it is hard to navigate against the current—up goes the helm, and the skill glides smoothly on, enjoying the double advantage of the current and the tide.

But it is almost impossible to form a conjecture, as to whom the successful candidate may be, if we give any credit to the contradictory opinions just manifested, in respect to the final result.—A Philadelphia paper says, "General Jackson will be elected President without any doubt.—He will have the whole of the Western States in the House." Another paper says, "General Jackson never can be President of the United States—mark what we say, John Quincy Adams will take the chair on the fourth of March next, as certain as the sun will set to-day."

FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

By the politeness of a gentleman in this town, we have been favored with the following extracts from letters which he received from Washington. We need not add that their contents are highly interesting.

WASHINGTON CITY, December 15, 1824.

Dear Sir—The documents accompanying the President's Message to both Houses of Congress are quite voluminous and will not probably go into the newspapers generally, except in that garbled state which tends to destroy much of the confidence to which those sources of information should be entitled and would receive, if they were less the channels of partial and interested views, and more employed for the distribution of that light and knowledge for which the mass of the people support them.—The first part of the documents you will find to relate to the suppression of the African slave trade and to contain the correspondence between the diplomatic agents of the United States and Great Britain in relation to a convention between the two governments on that subject. I should with pleasure furnish you with the analysis and notes which I have taken in reference to this, and am in the practice of taking in regard to other documents, for the better understanding of them, if the question now unsettled between the two governments was not reduced to a point. On perusing the correspondence, you will not fail to be agreeably surprised by the courteous, respectful, and friendly manner in which it was mutually conducted, and which furnishes so striking a contrast with our negotiations with Spain, in which it seems to have been considered that ferocity was the best evidence of resolution, petulance of spirit, and satire of talent. There is nothing of the kind in the negotiation for the suppression of the slave trade, if we except a little scolding by Mr. Canning and Mr. Addington, which is treated by our negotiators with that coolness which individuals and nations, conscious of their strength and rectitude, will always preserve.

By the first article of the convention, which was formed between the United States and Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade, you will perceive that very ample powers of search and capture are surrendered by each of those parties to the other for the purpose of accomplishing the great object in view. It is also provided that those powers may be exercised by each on the coasts of Africa, of America, and of the West Indies. Such a surrender on our part was certainly an affair of great delicacy, considering how earnestly the nation had contended against the arrogation of the right by the British and that we had deemed its exercise in time of peace to be a cause of war, but it should be considered that there

is no analogy between cases in one of which an act is an usurpation and in the other proceeds from concession, in one of which the step is invited and in the other forced. The cases are diverse as those of a guest who partakes by invitation of your hospitality and the robber who breaks in the head of your wine cask. The treaty having, however, received the signatures of the plenipotentiaries on each side and been formally concluded so as only to require the ratification of the Senate of the United States, that body found some difficulty in giving its consent to the measure. Both this country and Great Britain had denounced the slave trade as piracy and the latter power in her recent treaties with Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands had made the same provision in regard to the right of search and capture which was contained, abstractedly I mean from relations of place, in the first article of the convention with us, or rather the provision was a broader one because the governments of those countries had not made the slave trade piracy. The Convention was, notwithstanding, the subject of serious division in the Senate, which at last consented to ratify it with some modifications, the only important one of which, and that insisted against by the British Government, is the exclusion of the right of search and capture as to vessels cruising on the coast of America. On this point it is that the parties are at issue, and the question seems to be whether the Senate will recede, or the system, which promises to put an end to the nefarious practices of kidnappers and the barter of human beings as if they were but brute animals, shall be crushed in its incipency. I have not seen the debates in the Senate upon the subject, nor do I feel at all disposed to credit the accusation that the party there who opposed the ratification of the treaty were actuated by motives of hostility to Mr. Adams. They are men of too much patriotism to be subject to such an imputation, and undoubtedly will, when the subject again is before them, again weigh well not only what is due to our own sovereignty as a nation, but also what christian benevolence and social duty require of man to his fellow being and his creator.

Should the subject be again seriously agitated, it will give me pleasure to furnish you an ample statement of particulars which I have now omitted, as the documents which I shall soon transmit will supply the deficiencies my brevity and haste have produced.

WASHINGTON, December 17, 1824.

DEAR SIR—When I wrote you before on the subject of the negotiations for the suppression of the slave trade, I confess it was with a studious reserve, for I was afraid lest those feelings which I entertained on the less important Missouri question and the deep abhorrence which I entertain of slavery would lead me to betray a degree of feeling which you would think ought to derogate from the credit you might attach either to my statements or opinions. I had also another motive for the exercise of self restraint, which was that the Senators from Maine, for whose judgment I have great deference, deemed it proper to oppose the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain, which had for its object the combination of the physical force of the two countries to suppress, as piracy, the crime of trafficking human beings in the markets of the slave holding islands and continent of America, and which also contemplated the moral benefits of an example so valuable to the nations of Europe. On reconsidering the contents of my letter, composed in haste, and on which I threw my sand that I might fold and seal it before the writing was dry, I am satisfied that frankness requires of me to add a few words on a subject so important, one which will rouse the sleeping and listless politicians of the country, one in which the christian and the statesman must feel the deepest interest.

As early as the year 1820, a bill, which became a law, was introduced into the House of Representatives denouncing the slave trade as piracy and subjecting those engaged in it to capital punishment. The executive department of the government has constantly exercised its utmost means to give effect to the law and to hold up its penalties in terror to the detestable wretches who were obnoxious to its provisions. Cruisers have been sent to the unhealthy coasts of Africa to detect them, our armed vessels have all been under instructions to arrest them, and the most benevolent and expensive measures have been adopted to restore their victims to the country from which by fraud or violence they had been withdrawn. All was unavailing. It was ascertained that all our philanthropic endeavors were defeated by the culprits protecting themselves under flags of nations with whom we were at peace, and that the evil, which cried aloud to Heaven, could have no remedy except by a concert with the other powers of christendom in this holy cause. Sensible of this fact, the House of Representatives, two years ago, departing perhaps in some measure from their proper sphere of action, almost unanimously recommended to the President to engage in such negotiations as would procure from the civilized world the denunciation of the slave trade as piracy. He began with Great Britain as the most efficient of the maritime powers and obtained an act of Parliament similar to our own law on this subject, and a convention which made them one with us in the common cause of humanity and justice. It is not a question embarrassed by constitutional difficulties, by local interests, or by political objects; but a question which the law of nature's God has settled and which the heart of man recognises spontaneously and irresistibly. It is not a question made by ambition or avarice; but one in which the love of domination and the base and mercenary pursuit

of gain have no part. We volunteered disinterestedly in the cause of suffering humanity and took the lead of nations in a magnanimous sacrifice of interest for the benefit of a long persecuted portion of our race. Under these principles the convention was framed and went into the Senate. The members of that sage and illustrious body found reasons against its ratification, at least a portion, I will not say a party of them, did so, and it consequently has not been carried into effect. The debates of that body upon treaties are not public and the weighty, the insuperable reasons which produced the result are not accurately known. They are, however, understood to have arisen from the provision of the first article of the treaty, by which reciprocally and equally, the high contracting powers gave to each the right of search and capture on what may be called the several slave coasts of the world, viz. Africa, the West Indies, and America. By the law of nations, if I have correctly informed myself, this right of search and capture has always applied and belonged to cases of piracy, and I confess that I am incapable of seeing the force of the objection made against the treaty on that ground, particularly when it is also considered that the rights of both nations were guarded against the temptation to abuse by the other condition in the treaty that the captured vessel with the crew should be sent only to the tribunals of its own country for adjudication.

Perhaps there is not a darker blot upon this enlightened age than the still tolerated, extensive, and diabolical business of the slave trade. We had reason to entertain the delightful anticipation that the period was at hand when a redeeming spirit would have dispersed the woes of Africa and relieved the sympathies of the just and benevolent in every land: but humanity has been destined to weep yet longer for the miseries and crimes which have so long been a reproach to Europe.

I beg you not to believe that I am speaking without that diffidence which it certainly becomes me to feel on this subject, and which, if it should not be created by any other cause, should be excited by the consideration that a considerable portion of the Senate, including those for whom the State of Maine is bound to cherish the highest respect, have acted on the subject: but believing that it is one, which from circumstances, which time will develop, will arrest the attention of the community, I have thought I should not do justice, under my promise to write to you upon what I deemed interesting, if I did not direct your notice to it.

At the recent session of the Legislature of Vermont, thirteen hundred and ninety-seven Justices of the Peace were appointed by that body. They hold their commissions one year.

We find in the National Journal a translation of the Constitution of the United Mexican States. It possesses many of the features of our excellent constitution, but differs in a very essential one, which is, the establishment of the catholic religion and the prohibition of the exercise of every other. The government is now organized and in operation. One of its first acts was the abolition of the slave trade.

Pension to La Fayette. A bill has passed both Houses of Congress, granting Gen. LA FAYETTE 200,000 dollars and a township of land. In the House there were 186 members who voted for it, among whom were Messrs. Cushman, Herrick, Kidder, Longfellow and O'Brien from this State: and there were 26 members who voted in opposition, among whom were Messrs. Burleigh and Lincoln from this State. In the Senate there were 37 in its favor, among whom were both the Senators from Maine, and 7 in opposition.

Seth Elliot who was to have been hung at Castine, on the 30th ultimo, has been reprieved by the Governor, for 60 days.

The following was communicated to us by LA FAYETTE PERKINS, M. D. By some accident we did not receive it till this week, although it was dated

"Weld, Dec. 6, 1824.

Among the prolific resources of our State, the following incident is not unworthy of notice.

On Saturday morning, the 27th of last month, Mrs. Masterman, wife of Mr. Joseph Masterman, of Berlin, adjoining Weld, was confined with three fair and healthy children, two girls and a boy; their weight as follows:

Girls,	7 3-4 lbs.
Boy,	6 1-2
Total,	21 3-4.

At this date, the mother is in a state of usual convalescence, and the children continue well."

The following "New-Year's Ode" was taken from an old number of the Philadelphia Aurora. There is something very sentimental in it.

NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

While with ceaseless course the Sun,
Hasted through the former year:
Many Souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With Eternity in view.
Bless thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And when life's short tale is told,
May we live with thee above.

The following article was copied from the Portland Gazette, and is worthy the attention of our political readers. The sentiments, contained in it are, we hope, fast growing into practice, and the period will soon arrive when he who is most worthy will be selected to serve the public—the only inquiry being, "Is he honest, is he capable?"

LIBERAL SENTIMENTS.

Sentiments of the most intrinsic truth and justice frequently derive an increased force from the authority on which they are advanced. The character of Gen. Jackson has never been fairly understood; it has certainly never been exhibited in so favorable a light, before the publication of the correspondence between himself and President Monroe. It seems that the President, when about entering on his office, was troubled with scruples, of which he hardly ever seems to have got rid of the propriety of making any appointments outside of the ranks of the predominant party. In order to remove these scruples, Gen. Jackson addressed several letters to him recommending the justice and urging the expediency of taking a more liberal and catholic course; and in particular, advising the appointment of Col. Drayton of South Carolina, a federalist, Secretary of War. In order to destroy the hard earned popularity of the hero, copies of these letters, surreptitiously obtained, were secretly circulated, with a story that he had advised the President to form his administration of equal parts of the two great parties into which the country had been divided and to constitute his cabinet of two federalists and two republicans. When this tale was published with a view to prejudice his character as a politician, and defeat his prospects as a candidate, the gallant General at once came out and challenged the publication of the whole correspondence. "I am," said he, "without concealment of any kind. My opinions and sentiments, such as they have been, written, or expressed at any time, each and every one are at all times welcome to me. In public or in private I breathe the sentiments I feel, and which my judgment sanctions; and no disposition will ever be entertained by me, either to disguise or to suppress them." In this respect he imitated the magnanimous reply of President Washington to Edmund Randolph, when the latter asked him for leave to make use of his letters and communications in an official character, for the purpose of his own vindication. "I give it to you freely," said Washington, "may more I authorize you to make use of every word that I ever uttered."

Gen. Jackson denied having been in favor of any measure that should have the most distant tendency to perpetuate the empire or foment the remains of party spirit. So far from recommending a selection of two of each sort, and thus forming a mere dove-tailed, partitioned administration, made up of mosaic work, "here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white," and keeping up a contest out of doors for an equal division of the cabinet, he advised no such thing. On the contrary his advice was in the formation of his cabinet not to pay the least regard to party. Party names, said he, are all bubbles. Talents and merits and services, not badges and creeds and shibboleths should be the tests and passports for public confidence. "I neither advised the President," said he, "the selection of two distinguished federalists and two distinguished republicans," nor "to form his administration from the two great leading parties of the country. Both statements are alike unfounded; on the contrary, my advice to the President was, that in the selection of his Cabinet, he should act upon principles like these: consider himself the head of the nation, not of a party; that he should have about him the best talents the country could afford, without regard to sectional divisions; and should, in his selection, seek after men of probity, virtue, capacity and firmness; and in this way, he would go far to eradicate those feelings, which, on former occasions, threw so many obstacles in the way of Government; and be enabled perhaps to unite a people heretofore politically divided: I gave it as my opinion, that the best evidence of devotion to the government, its constitution, and laws, which any could afford, was, when these were accepted, to venture forth in their defence, and maintain them amidst privations, and at the sacrifice of domestic quiet.—that names were mere bubbles; and he who would, as Col. Drayton had done, abandon his fire side and the comforts of home, and continue in the defence and protection of his country, through the war, merited the confidence of the government, let him bear what name or party he might; such a man I did recommend to Mr. Monroe; he was one I had never seen; yet one whose conduct, character, and good qualities, entitled him to any and every confidence. As well might the conclusion be adduced, that I had recommended a selection exclusively from one or the other of the parties, as that the cabinet, from a motive of policy, should be kept equally poised, by appointing two of each; for my advice was, to select men of probity, and talents, without regard to party. The voice of Washington, in his farewell address to the nation, was, that party animosity was not to be encouraged, because 'it was calculated to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration'; and, with his, the voice of every patriot will accord. Virtue being the main pillar of a republican Government, unless virtuous men shall be drawn into its administration, the fabric must tremble. Designing and corrupt men may cover their intrigues under a pretended love for virtue and patriotism; but a truly pure man will be without disguise, verifying, as he passes along, the old adage, that 'the true is best known by its fruit.'

We have lately had occasion to notice some striking comments upon this text of Gen. Jackson, in elections by the republican Legislatures of different States in which the interests of Messrs. Crawford, Clay and Adams are respectively predominant, which we shall take opportunity to allude to more particularly hereafter.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BULIMIA.

In this disease, a person is affected with a voracious appetite; and with an insatiable and almost perpetual desire of food; and in which, patients indulge themselves in taking, immense, and incredible quantities.

Such is the human propensity for present gratification, that the most menacing and destructive consequences, of the future, are seldom able to deter us, from their indulgences. Hence we see him, who is destined to interperence, and inebriety, carelessly swallowing his daily dram, as if he knew not, that such (now) controllable practices, would soon lead him to the imperious necessity, which sinks men to the lowest state of degradation and misery.—Thus he stupidly shuts his eyes, and embarks upon a smooth and even stream, whose unruffled and inviting current shortly terminates in a horrible cataract, that waits to precipitate him into the depths of ruin and contempt. Not does he arouse from his stupidity, till his progress is so much increased by the rapidity, that all his exertions, to recall his steps, prove futile and unsuccessful.

Perhaps, in tracing the cause of this question, as well as those of our sacrificing future happiness for a moment. It is necessary to the body, that a certain amount of food should be daily eaten, and by digestion and assimilation, converted into various parts of which the human system is composed. Nature has provided that perform these strange operations and truly wonderful machinery, by its gastric secretions, solve, almost, whatever may be eaten, into a certain quantity of aliment, which is assimilated with impunity; and when the steps, nature seems to be overstepped, and the hereditary track, and the despotic power, an increased desire for food, and insatiable appetite; or she is augmented efforts, and a distended stomach, follow the steps of these enfeebled parts.

Bulimia is contracted, frequently by those, who are indulging for long periods, and then themselves to satisfy their accumulated cravings, as much as falls their reach. And dyspeptic, constantly harassing the gastric system, and perpetual indulgence, see the rich and opulent of the world, in their studies, fastidious appetites by gorging all the luxuries that nature can invent, generally the victims of this disease.

Bulimia is a malady of not so common as perhaps, we should suppose. I have seen frequent glutton, within our own vicinity, some labor, after consuming a quantity of food, apparently excruciating pain. But I am striking kind lamentable, we find in the records of medicine, it may not be totally destitute of cure.

"A young man from the north, named Tarare, and who was educated to a troop of strolling jugglers, himself a swallow flint, enormous broken vessels, baskets full of broken animal, the most alarming in consequence, were not come this dangerous habit, was last an impenetrable necessity.

Enrolled at the commencement of war, in one of the battalions of Rhine, he sought for the necessary food around the moribund hospital of kitchen, the remains of the rejected matter or corrupted refuse him. He often disputed with his filthy and disgusting, perpetually in search of cats, pens, which he devoured obliged to be driven by force from the dead room where the blood drawn from him.

It was in vain attempted to appease him, giving him fat even pounded shells. The child of sixteen months' old, gorged with food, and the suspicions of him, and he fled years afterwards he was admitted into Versailles, in a consular succeeded his enormous appetite died."

Thomas' Practice of Physic, p. 1.

DOMESTIC AND

Casualty. Mr. Enoch Davis, a shooting match on Christmas day, a little above the knee, by the marksman had removed from the and took his aim from behind a moment when Mr. Davis passed out being perceived. Amputation, but the life of the sufferer is not, —East. Chronicle.

New era in Saw Mills.—C. J. Hall, Jr. of Waterville, has recently operation, an improved Circular mill logs of the largest size. The making boards at the astonishing superficial feet in a minute, plan time. Those who have witnessed the utility of its utility, in a compact timber, particularly as it is ed to tide water and streams, and be conveniently propelled by steam, at least, of the power required, saving, is saved by Mr. Kendall the same time makes much less boards. About 100,000 ft. have though Capt. Kendall is not prepared of saving, till several improvements annexed to the machine. Circular been in use, yet the peculiar construction and other parts of the machine, heavy timber, are well worthy of notice. In which he engaged, and by which he has persevered in his invention, are worthy of complete success will perpetuate its usefulness.—Hall, Advertiser.

Narrow Escape.—Mr. John Moly, a celebrated hunter, recently counter with a large moose, and when discovered the animal took the hunter to the canoe, and started having approached within six of the ball taking effect the shore. Mr. Moly, having retreated search of him. The moose was and rather unexpectedly, Mr. Moly within twenty or thirty feet of the moose, but being somewhat agitated by self so near the moose, missed hitting a small tree which intervened

Perhaps, in tracing the causes of the disease to question, as well as those of many others, we should find many more, striking examples of our sacrificing future happiness, for the pleasures of a moment. It is necessary for the support of the body, that a certain portion of food should be daily eaten, and by the functions of digestion and assimilation, converted into the various parts of which the system is composed. Nature has provided man with organs that perform these strange phenomena in a mysterious and truly wonderful manner. The stomach, by its gastric secretion, is able to dissolve, almost, whatever may be taken into it; but it is a law of the animal economy, that only a certain quantity of aliment is to be received with impunity; and when this limit is overstepped, nature seems to be compelled to leave her devoted track, and demand, with almost despotic power, an increased portion to alleviate the painful and insatiable cravings of a depraved appetite; or she is wearied out by her augmented efforts, and a distressing train, of dyspeptic symptoms, follow the diminished tone of these enfeebled parts.

Bulimia is contracted, perhaps, more frequently by those, who are in the habit of fasting for long periods, and then indulging themselves to satisfy their accumulated desires, by devoting as much as falls by chance within their reach. And dyspeptic, by those who are constantly harassing the gastric energy, by unimpaired and perpetual indulgences. Hence we see the rich and opulent of towns, who are so indefatigable in their studies to gratify their fastidious appetites by gorging themselves with all the luxuries that nature or the art of man can invent, generally the victims of this disease.

Bulimia is a malady of not so rare occurrence among us, as perhaps, we should imagine (a priori). I have seen frequently myself, the glutton, within our own vicinity, attempt to resume his labor, after consuming an astonishing quantity of food, apparently suffering in most excruciating pain. But I am not able to give so striking and lamentable an instance as many we find in the records of medicine; one of which it may not be totally destitute of interest to relate.

"A young man from the neighborhood of Lyons, named Tarare, and who early in life belonged to a troop of strolling jugglers, accustomed himself to swallow flints, enormous quantities of broken vitals, baskets full of fruit, and even living animals. The most alarming symptoms, ensuing in consequence, were not sufficient to overcome this dangerous habit, which became at last an impious necessity.

Enrolled at the commencement of the late war, in one of the battalions of the army of the Rhine, he sought for the necessary supply of food around the moribund hospital. The refuse of kitchen, the remains of the messes, the rejected matters or corrupted meats did not suffice him. He often disputed with vilest animals their filthy and disgusting meal: he was perpetually in search of cats, dogs and even serpents, which he devoured alive. He was obliged to be driven by force or threats of punishment from the dead room, and the place where the blood drawn from the sick was deposited.

It was in vain attempted to cure his ravenous appetite, by giving him fat acids, opium and even powdered shells. The disappearance of a child of sixteen months' old, gave birth to horrible suspicions of him, and he fled. Five or six years afterwards he was admitted into the Infirmary of Versailles, in a consumptive state, which succeeded his enormous appetite. He soon after died."

*Thomas' Practice of Physic, page 563.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Casualty. Mr. Enoch Davis, of Pittsboro, at a shooting match on Christmas day, had his leg fractured a little above the knee, by a rifle ball. The marksman had removed from the usual standing place, and took his aim from behind a board fence, at the moment when Mr. Davis passed before his piece without being perceived. Amputation has been performed, but the life of the sufferer is thought to be in danger.—*East. Chronicle.*

New era in Saw Mills.—Capt. William Kendall, Jr. of Waterville, has recently put into successful operation, an improved Circular Saw, adapted to mill logs of the largest size. This saw is capable of making boards at the astonishing rate of forty to sixty superficial feet in a minute, planing them at the same time. Those who have witnessed the effects, are fully apprised of its utility, in a country abounding in pine timber, particularly as it is admirably adapted to tide water and streams of low heads, or may be conveniently propelled by steam; three fourths, at least, of the power required in the usual way of sawing, is saved by Mr. Kendall's machine, which at the same time makes much smoother and better boards. About 100,000 ft. have already been made, though Capt. Kendall is not prepared to make a business of sawing, till several important appendages are annexed to the machine. Circular saws have long been in use, yet the peculiar construction of this saw and other parts of the machine, and its application to heavy timber, are well worthy of a patent.—The inventor in which he has persevered in this new and useful invention, are worthy of commendation, and his complete success will perpetuate his fame and augment his usefulness.—*Hall. Ad.*

Narrow Escape.—Mr. John Ellis, of Mercer, Me., a celebrated hunter, recently had a dangerous encounter with a large Moose, near Moose River.—When discovered the animal took to the river, and the hunter to the canoe, and started in pursuit of him. Having approached within six or eight rods, he fired, and the ball taking effect the moose made for the shore. Mr. E. having reloaded his gun, proceeded in search of him. The moose was soon come up with, and rather unexpectedly, Mr. Ellis having approached within twenty or thirty feet of the enraged animal before he discovered him.—He instantly fired, but being somewhat agitated by suddenly finding himself so near the moose, missed his object, the ball entering a small tree which intervened between them;

whereupon the moose immediately made at him with desperate fury, taking him between his horns, one of which entered his clothes near the waistband of the pantaloons in front and passed out near his chin, and the other at the small of his back taking the skin in its course. While in this dangerous and critical situation, the moose made four or five bounds with him, clearing a rod or more of a leap, when his clothes giving away, he fell to the ground. The moose passed over him without striking him, and after going fifteen or twenty rods full and expired. Mr. Ellis received considerable injury, but trifling to what might have been expected from the circumstances in which he was placed.—*Son. Jour.*

Taunton, Dec. 22.—One of the workmen at the Iron Forge works at the east part of this town, Mr. Davis King, lost his life under the most appalling and distressing circumstances, on Thursday evening last.—While endeavoring to raise the gate he had been obliged to make use of great exertions, from its rising hard, to get it up. As it rose suddenly, he was thrown back with violence upon the part of the work called the wild cat attached to the shaft of the water wheel. This carried him under an arm of the wild cat, and forced the middle of his body through a space not more than two or three inches in diameter;—He expired instantly.

LANSINGBURG, Dec. 16.—Melancholy Accident.—Mr. Jacob Yeager, aged about 18 or 20 years, in company with others, were engaged in felling timber in the woods, when having cut a tree from the stump, in falling it lodged on a small sapling and bent it considerably. In attempting to dislodge the tree, Mr. Yeager, struck the sapling with his axe and cut it partly off, the stump of which split and rebounded with great velocity and struck him on the back part of his head so severe a blow that he expired in a few minutes after.

CHOICE OF PRESIDENT.—Washington letters remark, that the friends of all three of the candidates were not without hope of eventual success; as no convocations had been held to ascertain the positive strength of parties. But the friends of General Jackson are so confident of success, that a list of the new Cabinet has been circulated.—By this the Secretaries of State, and of the Navy, are to keep their offices; Gov. CLAYTON to have the Treasury, and Mr. EATON, a Senator of Tennessee, the War Department. Gen. DRAYTON had been talked of as Secretary of War; but should Mr. CALHOUN come into the Cabinet, his appointment would destroy the necessary equipoise. Virginia, it was thought, will have a powerful moral influence on the great decision, should there be no choice at the first ballot; but the best informed were of opinion, that the old saw, "There's no knowing who will be governor till after election," was never more true, than at the present time.

Boston Centinel.

A treaty has been concluded with the Quapaw Indians, in Arkansas, by Commissioner CUTTENBERG, by which they relinquish to the United States all their lands in that territory.

Mediterranean Squadron.—Com. RODGERS'S command in this sea will consist of the North-Carolina ship of the line, frigate Constitution, corvette Cyane, sloop of war Eric and Ontario, and schooner Nonsuch. It is said it will visit Smyrna, and the Grecian Archipelago.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—The Legislature of this State has adjourned sine die, without coming to the choice of a Senator of the U. States.

A new State Court of Common Pleas has been established in this State.

PENNSYLVANIA.—After numerous ineffectual trials to elect a Senator of the U. States, the Legislature of this State had adjourned to the 17th January.

A report is current, that Com. FORTER has been recalled from the command of the anti-piratical squadron, and is to be succeeded by Capt. WARRINGTON. The conduct of the Commodore at Porto Rico has been brought before Congress.—*Bos. Cen.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Yesterday at a special audience, the BARRON DE MAREUIL, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from France, delivered to the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES his new credential letters from His Most Christian Majesty, Charles 10th, the present King.

A Lunatic in the Philadelphia Arms House, whose violence was such that the keepers were obliged to keep him chained, pushing the straw in his cell against the stove, set fire to it, and the poor maniac was burned to death.

LA FAYETTE is the only man who ever was in his personal capacity, publicly received by the Senate of the United States. General WASHINGTON, in all the brightness of his fame, and all the plenitude of his popularity, invested, besides, with the dignity of the Presidential Office, when he came to the Senate, by appointment, to consult respecting a Treaty, was, indeed, received by them standing, uncovered, as in the present case, but even he was not attended and introduced, as LA FAYETTE has been, by a Committee of the most venerable members of the Senate. On his introduction yesterday, the good old General was received as a brother, rather than as a stranger—as one of a loving family, come from a distant shore, after a long and weary absence, to revisit the friends of his youth.—*Nat. Int.*

FAMILY OF GEN. LA FAYETTE.—Gen. La Fayette has one son and two daughters. The son George Washington La Fayette, is now in this country; the daughters are Madame Maubourge, and Madame Lasteyrie.

Mrs. Maubourge has three daughters—Mrs. Brigode, Misses Louise and Jenny Maubourge.

Mrs. Lasteyrie has three daughters—named Pauline, Melanie and Octavia—and one son, named Jules.

George Washington La Fayette has three daughters, named Natolia, Matilda and Clementina—and two sons named Oscar and Edmond.

Mrs. Brigode has two daughters, Georgiana and Gabriella.

These all reside at the hospitable mansion of La Grange, and, we are informed, are dependant for their support on the limited income of that Farm.—*N. Y. Merc. Ad.*

SOUTH AMERICA.—Buenos Ayers papers to the 6th of October, received at Baltimore, contain the particulars of events in Peru, of which we had before received but vague accounts. It appears that on the ninth of July, Admiral Guise despatched Capts. Robertson and Fleiman, and Lieut. Sulmans, with 125 men in nine boats, into the harbor of Callao, where they took and destroyed the following vessels of the Spanish naval force:—President, 20 guns, burnt—Juana Gordon, flag ship, taken—Perla, formerly of Chili, taken—a brigantine, name unknown, taken, and a large vessel burnt.

Notwithstanding this small force was opposed by 1000 soldiers and marines in the vessels, and 1500 artillerymen who manned the batteries, the patriots achieved this victory with the loss of only four men killed, and eleven wounded. During the attack, the Peruvian ships Protector, Congress and Macedonian

endeavored in vain to divert the attention of the batteries, whose fire was directed against the small force which had entered the harbor. Thomas Williams, a Lieut. of Marines, and a clerk of the Captain of the Congress, were mortally wounded.

It is stated that previous to this affair, a brilliant enterprise had been executed by a Captain Addison, who with four boats and fifty volunteers, burnt and sunk six vessels, including the frigates Venganza and Santa Rosa, and drove 14 others under the forts of Callao. All this was performed without the loss of a man.

"The Liberator Bolivar and all his army passed the Andes in three divisions on the 25th of June—the first under the command of Gen. Cordova, Caja Tambo, the second under the command of Gen. Lara, by Chavín—the third under the command of Gen. La Mar, by Guayano. The vanguard of the enemy composed of 3500 men in Acobamba, was completely routed; Gen. Monet who commanded it, was wounded and taken prisoner. Almost all this division of the enemy fell into our power, the number of killed on their part being very great.—Before this action, 500 infantry and 100 cavalry under the Spanish chief Pena, came over to us and fought valiantly under the direction of their commander. We have also taken four cannons, the train, munitions, forage and many muskets.—*Balt. Fed. Gaz.*

Treaty with Colombia.—A letter from Mr. LITTEFIELD, dated Porto Cabello, Nov. 18th announces, from an authentic source, that a treaty is already, or will very shortly be concluded by Mr. ANDERSON, our Minister at Bogota, and the Government of Colombia, on terms satisfactory and honorable to both nations.

Gibraltar Papers to the 30th October, have come to hand. The American squadron under Captain CROFTON, had arrived there from Algiers, all well. The Algerine fleet was again at sea, and the circumstance excited much alarm on the Spanish Coast. A squadron was fitted at Ferrol, to protect Spanish commerce against this new enemy, and its old annoyers the South American cruisers.

HAYTI.—It is said British capitalists have offered a loan of \$12,000,000 to Hayti, to purchase her Independence of France—and the negotiation was to be renewed.

The Emigrants to Hayti are obliged to bear arms, and not permitted to leave the island. It is reported that on the coffee plantations they get but 50 or \$60 a year. A vessel from Philadelphia, with Emigrants had the Small Pox on board, and was not permitted to land any of her passengers. Another ship is about sailing from Philadelphia with Emigrants. A writer in the Intelligencer seems to think some runaway slaves have gone off to Hayti.

Some of the Indians of the Huron Nation have gone from Canada to England, to urge their claims to a tract of land near Quebec.

It has been discovered that the deceased king of France, Louis, contributed privately, in the course of the last five years, the sum of 240,000 francs for the release of poor debtors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"We acknowledge the receipt of the communication of 'CORINNA,' and as she appears to possess such good judgment 'in the choice of a husband,' we will insert it next week, hoping that she may yet be fortunate enough 'to find a man' who possesses the qualifications wished for by her.

MARRIAGES.

In Portland, Hon. Benjamin Chandler, of this town, to Miss Sally Barker, of the former place.

In Byfield, Mr. Abner Cheney, to Miss Louis Honeyford, after a courtship of 20 years.

DEATHS.

In this town, Nov. 26th Mrs. Catherine, wife of Calvin Cole, aged 38.—On Sunday, the 26th ult. Louisa, daughter of Calvin Cole, aged 7 years.

The death of Mrs. CLARINDA STREETER, wife of Rev. Russell Streeter, of Portland, was hastily noticed in our last paper. The following is the tribute of gratitude to her memory.

Mrs. Streeter was about 20 years of age, possessed of an amiable disposition, and a heart formed for friendship. In the relations of wife, mother and neighbor, she verified the saying that "the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies."

Through her long and painful sickness, she was supported by the religion of Jesus Christ—and died in the assurance of a blessed immortality. She has left a fond and affectionate husband, with a family of young children, together with other relatives, to mourn her departure.

How hard the stroke: How deep the wound,
How pain'd the husband's soul;
Yet sovereign grace a balm has found
To make the wounded whole.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of School Books, used in this section of the State: among which are Perry's, Walker's and Johnson's Dictionary; Pike's, Adams's, Walker's, Coburn's and Kline's Arithmetic; Murray's large and small Grammar; Chesman's Grammar; English Reader; American Preceptor; Art of Reading; Museum; Columbian Reader; Student's Companion; Evangelical Instructor; Pleading Instructor; American Speaker; Historical Reader; Columbian Orator; Enfield's Speaker; Scott's Lessons; History of the United States; School Testaments; Morse's, Cummings's, Adams's and Woodbridge's Geography, and Atlas; Parish's Geography; Butler's Compend of History; Whelpley's ditty; Pike's, Perry's, Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Book; Cyphering Books; Writing ditto; Quills; Inkstands; Inkpowder; Slates and Pencils; Copy Slips, &c. &c.

The above Books, with many others used in Schools, are constantly kept on hand, and sold at very low prices, both at wholesale and retail, for cash, clean cotton and linen RAGS, or undoubted credit.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE.
The Northern, Village, Temple, and Wesleyan Harmony; Bridgewater Collection and Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music. They will be sold cheap to singing societies or individuals.

THE demands now in S. EMERY'S Office, which are due to LUKE HASTINGS, if not paid by the first day of February next, will be put in suit; if paid before, no cost will be charged.

Jan. 1, 1835.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

CYRIL SMITH and LUCY SMITH, (late Lucy Trask,) Administrators on the estate of **AMOS TRASK**, late of Dixfield, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented their fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased: likewise the petition of the said Lucy, as widow of said deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
Copy, attest, **THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.** 25

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator, on the estate of **LEONARD PRATT**, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond, as the law directs.—He, therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners.

THOMAS CLARK.
Paris, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator on the estate of **ANDREW BARROWS**, late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

CYRUS THOMPSON.
Hartford, Dec. 24, 1824.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

THOMAS CHASE, Jr. administrator on the estate of **SAMUEL LIVERMORE**, late of Livermore, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true copy, attest, **THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.** 27

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Bethel.

THE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bills of assessments of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz:

Owner.	Lots.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	TAXES.					
					State.	County.	Town.	School.	Total.	
Unknown,	16	1	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Unknown,	18	1	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Unknown,	19	1	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Samuel Page,	25	1	100	100	18	26	57	54	111	151
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15	34	33	53	71
Unknown,	33	1	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Unknown,	2	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Unknown,	9	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Roger Merrill,	11	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Roger Merrill,	12	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Unknown,	19	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Unknown,	23	2	100	65	12	17	37	36	66	99
Samuel Page,	25	2	100	50	9	13	28	27	59	87
Samuel Page,	26	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Samuel Page,	27	2	100	30	6	7	17	17	30	41
Unknown,	29	2	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
Unknown,	5	3	100	25	4	6	15	14	29	39
Unknown,	2	3	100	40	7	10	23	23	43	66
P. C. Virgin,	11	3	100	75	13	19	43	41	95	129

Unknown, 12 3 100 20 4 5 12 11
Samuel Page, 25 3 100 40 7 10 23 22
Unknown, 3 4 100 30 6 7 17 17
Dale, 18 5 100 100 18 25 57 54
Unknown, 16 6 100 30 6 7 17 17
Unknown, 30 9 100 50 9 13 28 27
Unknown, 24 10 100 20 4 5 12 11
Samuel Page, 17 6 100 50 9 13 28 27
William Oxnard, 10 6 100 50 9 13 28 27
Timo. Carter, Intervale, 40 100 18 23 57 54

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before **TUESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of January, next**, so much of said Lands will, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of O'NEIL W. ROBINSON, in said Bethel, be sold at Public Auction, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and charges.

PERKINS P. MOULTON,
Collector of said Bethel, A. D. 1823.

Bethel, November 29, 1824.

*Half of a cent.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, A LIBRARY OF DIVINITY, or the **CHRISTIAN'S DAILY FOOD**; being a Selection of pieces in prose and verse, from the most pious writers, with an additional variety of original matter, designed to assist and strengthen the young convert, to feast the aged christian, and to improve the mind of every rational being in the pursuit of Heavenly Wisdom.

January 6.

GREENLEAF'S REPORTS.....Vol. II.
JUST RECEIVED at the Oxford Bookstore. Subscribers are requested to call for their volumes.

Also—**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES** of Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters—by S. L. Knap, Esq.

Dec. 9.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul.—Philosophy may increase our views in many respects, but Christianity extends them beyond the light of nature. The gospel is a system of so refined a philosophy, so exalted a wisdom, and the divine characters that shine in it are so conspicuously legible, that nothing but the darkest ignorance and blackest corruption can hinder us from reading them. As we are sensible that next to the knowledge of the Deity, that of ourselves, and the objects around us, are of most importance, we ought to trace out the relations by which this chain of beings is so connected in one harmonious plan, to strain all our thoughts to that sublime end, viz: that in the moral world the same concord and union are preserved which astonish a contemplative spirit in the harmonious motion of the heavens, in the invariable series of seasons, in the regulation and embellishment of the corporeal world.

Can we look upon ourselves as a part of this wonderful universe, without being interested in its perfection, and without endeavoring rather to increase than to disfigure its beauties? Can we consider ourselves as members of the human race, without feeling a powerful inclination of sympathetic love to them, and without cheerfully performing the duties that our common prejudices and expectations prescribe us?

The serene complacency which springs in a good mind on the exertion of benevolent principles cannot be described; like the peace of God, it passeth all knowledge.

SATURDAY EVENING.—It is proper often to call ourselves to a solemn account for the time past of our lives, but particularly so at the close of days, months, and years. And at the close of the week when our toils are done, and we may perhaps be seated at the door, or by the fire side, with our families around us and the prattling babes about our knees, and a thousand little nameless comforts, which cluster together in our imaginations when we hear of Saturday night at home—at such a season, if we are people of any serious thought, our minds must, in some measure, be taken up with sober reflections. There is something peculiarly solemn in the eve of the Sabbath, in the return of laborers, and the preparation for rest, and the general feeling of enlargement. And even where we do not observe the eastern mode of commencing our Sabbath on Saturday evening, yet the Lord's day seems to dawn, and the cessation of cares to betoken something peaceful, and the expectation of approaching solemnities to calm the soul; so that the man must be peculiarly volatile, or peculiarly stupid, who is not, of necessity, thrown out of the common route of his giddy, or his busy thoughts, when the ruddy streaks in the West are beginning to grow dusky, and the week seems fading away. And what are the thoughts which a conscientious person would have, and which, of course, we all ought to have at such a time? A week is past. Let my thoughts run through its business, an let conscience pass a faithful sentence.—Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbor—or whatever be my calling, and whatever the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of my neighborhood, what for the public good?—How have I been prospered in business, and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick afflicted strangers, in my vicinity? If not is not this the most favored spot under heaven? And if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy of the name of Man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week? And when I look forward, how I am going to spend the next week; and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And how am I about to sanctify the Sabbath?—And what can I do for the good of others?

These are, in truth plain and simple notions, but they are such as often come into the head of a plain man in the country.

It was an infant's cry which pierced the ear of pity, when "the mourners went about the streets." A young woman—then a widow, was bewailing the husband of her youth, laid low in death, alas! too soon; and she shed upon his cold, pale, lifeless cheek, her last—her farewell tear.

Yesterday, they "took sweet counsel together, and walked as friends," along the road of life, with elevated hopes of earthly bliss, "Death crept along with silent tread," and in an hour they thought not, cut asunder the strongest ties of affinity and love, which here on earth unite kindred souls. To-day, she finds that the "arm of her beloved souls," which she leaned in this wilderness, is gone forever; and she mourns the loss. Mute is the anguish of their achings hearts, but it has power to move the sympathetic tear; while many stand around, witnessing their sufferings, and reflecting, that upon themselves, also, might have fallen this load of sorrow; and as they move in silence to the grave, which must receive the dear remains of him whom all this mourning can never bring again, the language of grief becomes impressive. There the arm of their earthly dependence will moulder in dust, and the loved object of their affections be far removed from view, till "earth and sea shall give up their dead."

"To weep with those who weep," is Christian. The Author of our holy religion did so—the Saviour. "Jesus wept," when he had before him so moving a spectacle of human woe—and it is he only who can "give joy to mourning." Amidst the waves of this troublesome world, there is "an Anchor, sure and steadfast," for all such as "put their trust in Him"—a holy confidence, which lifts the soul up, under these adversities; and hope thro' faith in the Redeemer's name, ascends.

"To brighter worlds on high."

An approving conscience is a glorious reward.

DESULTORIOUS.

Jemmy Dawson.—Shenstone's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson will be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"The excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion and suffocated at once all the animal spirit."

In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon the inquiry, every circumstance was literally true." A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on the melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.

Talbot's Canada.—I once went to a horse race, that I might witness the speed of their sorry chevrons, as they cantered over a quarter of a mile course. Four horses started upon a bet of 10,000 feet of boards. The riders were clumsy looking fellows, bootless and coatless. Before they started, every one seemed anxious to bet upon some one or other of the horses. Wagers were offered in every part of the field, and I was soon assailed by a host of fellows, requesting me to take their offers. The first who attracted my notice, said he would bet me a barrel of salt pork that Split-the-Wind would win the day. When I refused to accept of this, another offered to bet me 3000 cedar shingles that Washington would distance "every d—d scrape of them." A third person tempted me with a wager of 50 lbs. of Pork sausages against a cheese of similar weight, that Prince Edward would be distanced. A fourth who appeared to be a shoe-maker, offered to stake a raw ox-hide against half its weight in tanned leather, that Columbus would be either first or second. Five or six others, who seemed to be partners in a pair of blacksmiths' bellows, expressed their willingness to wager them against a barrel of West-India Molasses, or twenty dollars in cash. In the whole course of my life, I never witnessed so ludicrous a scene. I succeeded for a while in preserving my gravity; but the wind of the bellows blew every trace of seriousness away, and I laughed so heartily, that I believe the owners of this unwieldy article imagined I had detected some of them in making an American bull. I dare venture to say, that 10,000 dollars, at least, were lost and won in property, at this race, without a single soul in specie being in the possession of any one present.

London Literary Gazette.

A Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter.

"Sophy, I will not let you run about the garden in that manner, without your bonnet, with M. Ernest."

"But Mamma, you have been walking arm in arm, in the same way, with M. —"

"Comparison! I am old enough to know what I am about. Sophy, if M. Ernest should ask you at the ball this evening to waltz with him, I forbid your doing so."

"Why Mamma? Last Sunday you waltzed twice with M. —"

"Oh, that's quite another thing. Besides, M. — is your papa's intimate friend; and when you are married you may waltz with your husband's intimate friend. Sophy, I do not like your twinging with M. Ernest; it is not a proper exercise for a young lady."

"But, Mamma, this morning you passed half an hour in the see-saw, with M. —"

"How different!—Sophy, I desire that this afternoon you will not seat yourself in the drawing-room by M. Ernest."

"Mamma, I do not seat myself by him, he seats himself by me. Besides, I assure you he does it only to be near you, and in every thing to irritate M. — who never quits your side."

"Sophy, when we have company, I will not allow you to be constantly playing at cards. Gaming is an amusement very unsuitable to a young female."

"But, Mamma, you set me the example.—Recollect that only yesterday, having lost all the money in your purse at *Etarte*, you were obliged to borrow some of M. —"

"What a difference! If I did borrow money of M. — it is only because he is your papa's intimate friend, and to whom, under such circumstances, should one have recourse but to one's friend?"

"In one word, Mamma, in order to satisfy you, I see that I must follow the advice which the doctor gave to papa—'Do as I say, and not as I do.'"

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a lover;
Some the impulse oft discover;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there the time to spend;
Some go to learn the parson's name;
Some go there to wound his fame;
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy when he came to the word honor, pronounced the word full: the master told him it should be spelt without the h, as thus, onor. "Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Aye," said the master, "always drop the h." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk, the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold: when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire and heat it. "Yes, sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire ate it. Presently the master calls for his muffin: "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy. "Eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it."—"But, sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the h."

The Seven Wonders of the World.

1st. A widow at the age of 60 refuses an offer of marriage.

2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.

3d. A contented old maid.

4th. A lawyer of integrity.

5th. A moderate doctor's bill.

6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage.

7th. A congressman that wished to adjourn the session when there was money in the treasury.

In a shop window, on Saffron hill is posted up a bill, of which the following is an exact copy:—"Fresh Eggs laid every morning by me, Patrick Murphy."

An ignorant fellow maintained in company that the Sun did not turn round the world: "how then," said one present, "does it happen, that he sets at the west and rises again at east, unless he passes under the globe?" "Why," replied he, "the Sun returns the same way that he came; but the reason why we don't observe it, is that he goes back in the dark."

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him and fearing the bye-standers might catch the scent, exclaims "hallo! you black rascal what do you smell your fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish Massa." "What are you doing then, Sir?" "Why, me talk to him, Massa." "And what do you say to the fish, ha?" "Why me ax him what news at sea, dats all Massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know—he no been dare dese bre weeks."

An Irishman who had blundered into a fortune, frequented a coffee house in New-York. A merchant observed him with a newspaper upside down, and asked him the news. Pat replied, "There had been terrible gales of wind at sea." "How do you know?" said the merchant. "Because," said Pat, "the ships are all bottom upwards."

A young lady in Richmond, having in a fit of industry applied herself to *Manumaking*, affixed over the window of her lodging a painted board, which by a trifling orthographical error, was inscribed thus, "Jane Smith, *Manuformenlor*."

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

THE non-resident proprietors of the several lots of land hereinafter described, lying in the Town of Peru, formerly known by the name of No. 1 Plantation, on the west side of the Androscoggin river, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector for said Peru, for the State, County and Town taxes, for the year 1823, and deficient highway tax for the year 1822, in the respective sums following, viz:

THOMPSON'S GRANT.									
Name.	Number.	Range.	Area.	Value.	Def. highway tax for 1822.	State County and Town taxes for 1823.	Def. highway tax for 1822.	State County and Town taxes for 1823.	Total.
Not known.	8	10	100	75	83	1 17	d	c	00
	9	5	100	100	1 10				1 10
	9	10	100	30	33	75	1		8
	4	11	100	50	55	1 33	1		88
	5	12	100	50	55	38	93		
	7	12	100	100	1 10	76	1		21
	3	14	100	25	28				28
	5	9	100	75	83				83
	2	14	100	75	83				83
	14	10	81	81	89				89
Morse,	9	8	100	150	1 14	1 14			1 14
Morse,	8	9	100	150	1 14	1 14			1 14
	9	7	100	20	23	53			53
	6	8	100	100	1 72	1 73			1 73
	6	9	100	100	76	76			76

If no person appears to discharge the above mentioned taxes, on or before the second Monday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the several above described lots will then be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder as will be sufficient to pay the same, and all necessary charges, at the centre School House, in said Peru.

Peru, Dec. 9, 1824. ADAM KNIGHT, Collector. Sw 25

CAUTION.

WHEREAS I, JOHN BICKNELL, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, did, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty four, execute and deliver to RICHARD BUCKLEY of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, LEVI ROGERS, Junior, of said Buckfield, and PARSONS POOR of Torrington, in the County of Litchfield and State of Connecticut, a Power of Attorney, for me and in my name to sell and make deeds of conveyances of my "new and useful improvement for grinding corn and various kinds of grain," known by the name of "Bicknell's Improved Grist Mill," that part of the State of Massachusetts lying West of Connecticut river, the whole State of Connecticut and New-York. Now be it known, that I hereby revoke and annul said power of attorney given as aforesaid, agreeable to the express stipulation therein specified.

JOHN BICKNELL.

Buckfield, (Me.) December 16, 1824.
The Editor of the "American Mercury," of Hartford, Conn. is requested to insert the above advertisement three weeks; and send his bill to this Office for payment.

FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE, THE MAINE

FARMER'S ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1825.

Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Col. Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jarvis Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Paris; Enoch Crocker, Nathan Attwood and Messrs. Long & Loring, Buckfield; John R. Briggs, Woodstock; Ichabod Bartlett, Norway; Messrs. Crocker and Crockett, Ramford; and the Traders generally.

Dec. 30, 1824.

SALES AT AUCTION.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of STEELE & DEAN, in Brownfield, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon:

All the right, title and interest which JONATHAN STORER, of said Brownfield, has in equity to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the HOMESTEAD FARM, on which the said Storer now lives, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.
Hiram, December, 24, 1824. Sw 26

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of January next, at one o'clock, afternoon, on the premises:

All the right, title and interest, which DAVID ADKINS holds, owns, or claims in and to the LOT of LAND whereon he now lives, in Peru, in the County of Oxford, in virtue of a possession or improvement.

ISRAEL D. TRASK, Deputy Sheriff.
December, 21, 1824.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of JOSHUA SMITH, Esquire, in Norway, on Saturday the twenty-second day of January next, at two o'clock in the afternoon:

All the right in equity of redemption, which EZRA BICKFORD has in and to the following described parcel of LAND, situated in Paris, in the County of Oxford, containing fifty-five acres, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at the South-West corner of Lot numbered five, in the first Range of Lots; thence running North, fourteen degrees West, upon the town line adjoining Hebron and Norway, one hundred and twenty-three rods to the North-West corner of said Lot; thence North, sixty-eight and an half degrees East, upon the Lot line, seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to a Stake and Stones; thence South, fourteen degrees East, one hundred and twenty-three rods to a Stake and Stones in the Lot line; thence South, sixty-eight and an half degrees West, upon said Lot line seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to the first mentioned bound—being the same land said Ezra Bickford bought of William Stowell, as by said Stowell's deed duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, book the twenty-second, page the sixty-second—the same being subject to said Bickford's mortgage deed, A. D. 1818, to secure the payment of three hundred and thirty dollars and interest thereon, since said fifth day of September, A. D. 1819; on which there was paid, February the 7th, 1820, forty dollars and sixteen cents; March 18th, 1820, eleven dollars and twenty-five cents; and in August, 1823, two hundred and thirty dollars. DANIEL HOLIT, Deputy Sheriff.
Norway, Dec. 15th, 1824.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants to have been issued from Hezekiah Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.	Amount of Taxes.
Township Letter F,	\$6 79
do. No. 1, Letter A,	8 62
do. No. 2, Letter A,	9 38
do. No. 4, Range 4,	7 56
do. No. 3, Range 3,	6 92
do. Letter B,	8 43
do. No. 4,	6 58
do. No. 7,	7 24
Hamilton's Grant,	53
Andover Surplus, North,	3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County.
Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1824. (Sw 22)

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

Lot	Division	Acres.
Lot 44,	1st Division,	58 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	54 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.

IN LIVERMORE.
Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 140, 100 acres.

IN RUMFORD.
Lot 16, 1st Division, 80 acres.
" 39, 2nd do. 100 do.
" 47, 3d do. 148 do.

IN JAY.
Lot 8, 13th range, 100 acres.

IN BETHEL.
Lot 19, 9th range, 100 acres.
" 19, 10th " 100 "

PRENTISS MELLEEN, Agent.
Portland, Nov. 1, 1824. 3m 21

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOODS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.
HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very low prices for cash,
Bombazetts, various colors and prices; Car-
oline and Scotch Plaids; Cassimere and Imitation
Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tabbly Vel-
vets; Synclaw and Lustrous Silks; Nankin, Canton
and Italian Crapes; Crapes (Dresses); Ribbons, a large
variety; French Braids; Silk and Kid Gloves; Col-
ored and Worsted Hosiery; Black and colored Sewing
Silk and Twist; Real treble gilt Coat and Vest But-
tons; cheap Coat and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt But-
tons; Waist Buckles; Clasps; Snaps; Hooks and
Eyes, &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Sat-
inets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Gingham; Bedtick-
ings; Cotton Yarn, warranted good, or no sale; Knit-
ting; Wicking, &c. &c.
Nov. 11.

THE WIRATH.

A NEW PAPER, Quarto size, conducted by a Society of Literary gentlemen in Portland.
Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore, where the numbers may be examined.
Oct 7.

OX

VOLUME I.

POETS

I greet that independence
Which keeps a man above
The meanness of a slave
In State affairs or love.

No vassal does exist,
So low in thought of mind
As he that will persist
To kneel at beauty's shrine.

The man who thus degrades
To act so base a part,
He, nor miser, meaner elf,
Shall ne'er possess my heart.

None but the firm and noble
Shall o'er my heart possess
That scorn a woman's woe
Array'd in beauty's dress.

'Tis not the beauty of the face
Or form, I most admire;
But 'tis that noble inward grace
That meek unconquered

That does not fear a tyrant
Nor scorn the humble poor
But feels to all in honor bound
His promise to keep sure.

Such is the man could I possess
If such there could be found
To him alone I'd love confide
And bid my Hymen bound.

Thus onward we through life
Our youthful cares forget
I'd live in happiness or woe
He ne'er should once regret.

Paris, December, 1824.

PARIS, MONDAY, JAN

A short time since, we noticed
A new paper published in Lon-
don, the "Masonic Mirror and Mes-
senger." An extract from the spe-

cially inserted below.

Masonry in Spain, with a sketch

The servile and superstitious
lately issued another of his
against Masonry. In 1815, I
not only countenanced, but
part to the suppression and
Order: and at his instigation
mandate of M. Miery Camp-
eral of the Inquisition, pub-
licly read in every church in
Sunday in Lent;—it ran in the
—"His excellency, the Grand

all Confessors, under pain of
to denounce to the Holy Office,
have confessed themselves to be
FREE-MASONS!"—and such
times that many Confessors
enough to comply with the
lency!—and many of our
cerated and left to suffer
dungeons of that infernal
other crime than that of a
for the purpose of cultiva-
brotherly love, and all the
charity and philosophy for-
most minutely described cas-
time, one of the most dis-
London New-Monthly Maga-
—the editor assures us, is
referred to is now in that cit-

of the statement may be re-

"M. G.—was arrested
1819, whilst in bed, at 2 o'-
ing, and conducted to the
turnings and windings. Whe-
to halt suddenly before a li-

The chief of the escort, a li-

court, gave a mysterious
kind of knock. A jailer
and demanded, with solen-

which was the judge a-

accused. This point as-

the two in with him, leav-